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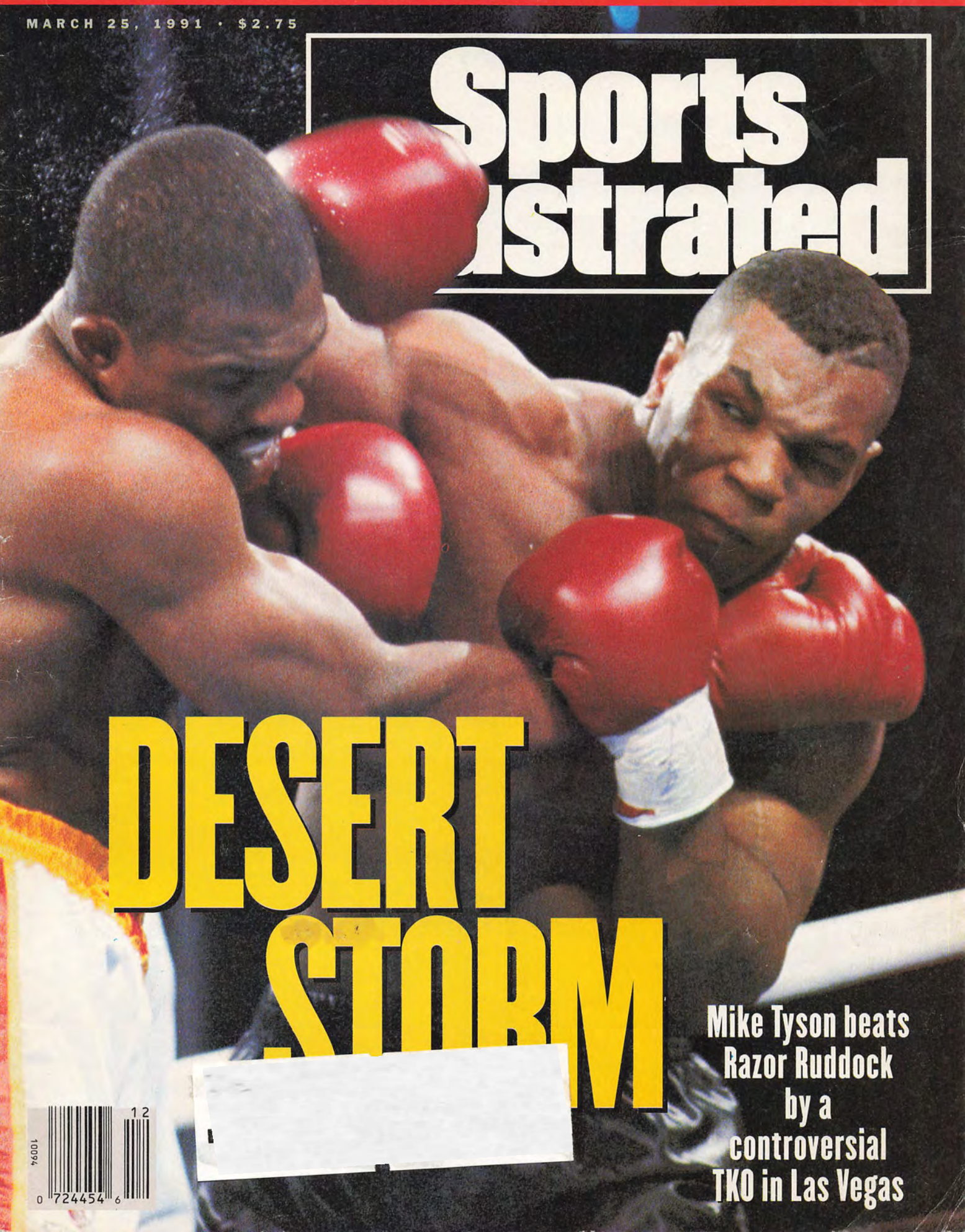

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Mike Tyson beats Razor Ruddock by a controversial TKO in Las Vegas

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MARCH 25, 1991
VOLUME 74, NO. 11

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Hank Gathers's Legacy

I read with sadness and dismay the article about Hank Gathers (*A Bitter Legacy*, March 4)—sadness over Gathers's unfortunate death and dismay over his mother's lack of respect for his memory. The mammoth lawsuit brought by Lucille Gathers against virtually everyone in sight is evidence of the primitive emotion that afflicts too many people these days who have lost their meal ticket—sue the nearest person or institution with deep pockets or a fat insurance policy.

THOMAS L. HERNANDEZ
Menlo Park, Calif.

Gathers and his family should have known the risks of his playing basketball with a heart condition. This sorry affair is a reflection of the litigious nature of our society and epitomizes the unwillingness of Americans to accept responsibility for their own actions.

GEORGE R. MOORE
Brentwood, Mo.

Three weeks after Gathers died, I was at the West Regional of the NCAA tournament at the Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum with tears in my eyes. Gathers's dream to see Loyola Marymount as the Cinderella team in the Final Four was unfulfilled when Bo Kimble and the rest of the Lions lost to UNLV. The Runnin' Rebels' mascot, the Shark, danced in joy.

After reading Shelley Smith's article, I have tears in my eyes again. The new money sharks seem to be dancing on Gathers's grave. Let him rest in peace.

KEVIN M. TWOHY
Berkeley, Calif.

If Lucille Gathers wins her $32.5 million lawsuit, she should think about investing the money in a heart.

CRAIG RONCHETTI
Cedarburg, Wis.

The Rocket

Austin Murphy's article, *Rocket Launch* (Feb. 25), was an interesting analysis of the maneuvering that takes place when a highly touted amateur athlete decides to turn pro. What the story neglects to do, however, is raise any criticism of what is not only a bold but also a foolish move on Raghib Ismail's part—leaving school early. Murphy says that Ismail's representatives "intend to play up his 'studiousness.' " The irony of this statement is obvious, almost as obvious as the irony of Murphy's overly charitable account of Rocket's decision.

MARC HOLDEN AXELBAUM
Ithaca, N.Y.

You cite several factors in Ismail's decision to turn pro—life in a fishbowl, timing, restlessness—but the real reason is that he wants to make lots of money, plain and simple. There's nothing wrong with that. Let's just not cloud the issue as his brother tried to do when he said, "If he's proved everything at one level, it's natural for him to want to move on."

JOHN J. LYNCH
Chesterfield, Mo.

The true college football heroes are all the juniors who decide to remain in school to fulfill their four-year commitments and who, in the process, show their loyalty to their teammates, coaches and schools.

SALVATORE C. SCUDERI
Notre Dame '53
Marco Island, Fla.

GWENDOLEN CATES

Controversial Pose

"Rocket" Raghib Ismail's trajectory may be carrying him toward monetary heaven, but his crucifixion pose in front of Touchdown Jesus (*Rocket Launch*, Feb. 25) struck me as a bit pretentious. Did your photographer notice the same raised arms of the mosaic Christ on the sunlit facade behind Ismail, or was that just celestial shot selection?

DEAN A. PACKHAM
Blackfoot, Idaho

● This picture was taken in December in anticipation of a story on Ismail's winning the Heisman Trophy, which, of course, he did not. SI suggested to photographer Gwendolen Cates that she shoot Ismail against Touchdown Jesus, a Notre Dame landmark. Cates says that Ismail was simply doing free-form posing and that both she and Ismail were unaware of the similarity of his pose to that of the figure in the mosaic. —ED.

Swimsuit Mail

Every year I look forward to many things from SI, two of which are the swimsuit issue and, two or three weeks later, the ridiculous letters you receive about it from subscribers (LETTERS, March 4). I'm amused that some people actually believe that swimsuit photos "contribute to a cultural sickness that views women primarily as sex objects." Keep up the entertaining and lighthearted work.

JOSEPH SPARACINO
Chicago

I'm ambivalent about the swimsuit issue, but I'm bored by the predictable collection of letters that follow it: five or six from guys who will be unable to survive the winter without seeing more of some body; the standard two from women who wish to see bikini-clad males; one or two from those who think the issue is sexist; and the obligatory one from the parent of a 14-year-old boy who compares the issue with *Playboy* (obviously these parents haven't seen *Playboy* lately). At least this year, you spared us the letter from the librarian who threatens to cancel the school's subscription. Thanks for that, but next year consider eliminating all the rest.

LEE J. SUTTNER
Bloomington, Ind.

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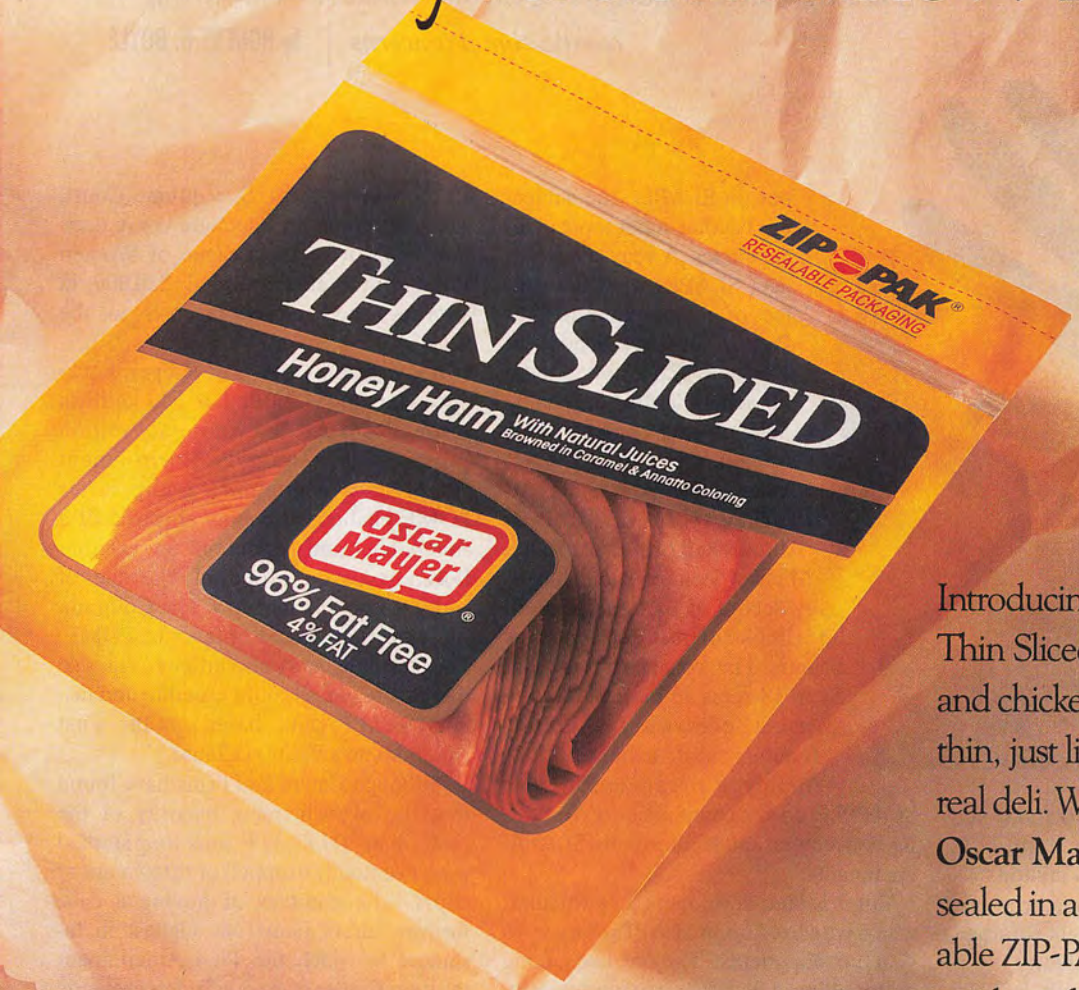
If you think deli meat is fresher, you don't know zip.



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Activists at Risk of Being SLAPPed

A new legal tactic is intimidating environmentalists—and stirring constitutional concerns | by ROBERT H. BOYLE

MEET JIM BAKER, A RETIRED SCIence teacher, from Kent, N.Y. He was sued for $64 million.

Meet Victor Monia, who is in the computer supply business in Saratoga, Calif. He was sued for $40 million.

And meet Rhoda Kornreich, of Rye, N.Y., who works part-time in a nearby office, and Catherine Crean, a sales representative from White Plains, N.Y. They were sued for $30 million.

Baker, Monia, Kornreich and Crean, environmentalists all, were SLAPPed. A couple of thousand other Americans have also been SLAPPed in recent years. The acronym, which was coined by sociology professor Penelope Canan and law professor George W. Pring of the University of Denver, stands for Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation. As defined by Canan and Pring, SLAPPs are lawsuits that can chill, intimidate or otherwise harass people into silence by making it prohibitively expensive for them to pursue First Amendment rights to free speech and to petition government.

Following the 1988 publication of a paper on SLAPPs, the subject has become a hot topic in legal circles. A year and a half ago, SLAPPs were the subject of a colloquium held at Pace University School of Law in White Plains, a leading school in the burgeoning field of environmental law. Speakers included Canan, Pring, New York State Attorney General Robert Abrams and professors Ralph Michael Stein of Pace University School of Law and Richard O. Brooks of the Vermont Law School. The consensus was that SLAPPs seem to be proliferating almost everywhere. Police, teacher and other public-employee organizations are SLAPPing critics; companies are SLAPPing consumers; and landlords are SLAPPing tenants.

But it is land developers, in particular, who have seized upon SLAPPs as a way to shut up opponents. They've been filing multimillion-dollar damage suits for defamation, libel, interference with economic advantage and conspiracy, among other things. As speaker after speaker noted at Pace, just appearing before a town board or writing a letter to the editor can get an individual sued by a plaintiff who enjoys a tremendous edge in financial and legal resources.

Among the examples cited:

- In California, the League of Women Voters of Beverly Hills wrote letters to the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Beverly Hills Courier* criticizing a proposed condominium development and supporting a voter initiative to stop it. Maple Properties, the developer, SLAPPed league members for $63 million. That suit—for libel, slander, interference with prospective economic advantage, deprivation of equal protection and conspiracy—went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, which let stand an appellate court decision in favor of the League of Women Voters (and also awarded $20,000 in attorney fees and court costs to the league).
- In Evergreen, Colo., a developer, Lockport-Gayno, SLAPPed a $40 million abuse of process and conspiracy suit on Protect Our Mountain Environment (POME), a community group, after POME challenged county approval of a commercial and residential project that Lockport-Gayno proposed, the site of which was an elk meadow. The Colorado supreme court found in favor of POME. The supreme court also adopted rules so that future courts could expedite and dismiss SLAPP suits, based on the First Amendment's Petition Clause.

Although Canan and Pring have found that the overwhelming majority of the more than 300 SLAPP suits they studied were eventually dropped or thrown out of court—the chances of having a case thrown out of court are highest in instances in which the First Amendment Petition Clause is used as a defense—the average case dragged on for three years, costing defendants time, money and emotional stress.

In a 1989 paper published in the *Environmental Impact Assessment Review*, Canan, who is currently on sabbatical at the University of California, where she is continuing her research on SLAPPs with a grant from the National Science Foundation, writes, "Economic and emotional injury to the citizens who speak out is reprehensible. More dangerous may be the loss of debate on serious environmental issues and the incalculable ripple effects on others who learn that there is a price to pay for citizen participation in public debates."

Take Jim Baker's case. Baker was the president of Plan-Kent, a citizens' group in the town of Kent in rural Putnam

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE KRONINGER

County, N.Y., which is the site of several reservoirs serving New York City. In 1988, Plan-Kent opposed a proposed large attached–town house project on the basis that no comprehensive study had been done to determine the development's potential impact on water supplies, sewage disposal, roads and schools, in possible violation of the [New York] State Environmental Quality Review Act. In enacting this law in 1975, the state legislature declared that "every citizen has a responsibility to contribute to the preservation and enhancement of the quality of the environment." Because of that call to action, Plan-Kent petitioned a judge to rule on the town planning board's approval of the project.

However, the condo developer, Joseph Cioccolanti, sued Plan-Kent, Baker and the group's vice-president for $64 million. Cioccolanti also named "John Doe" and "Jane Doe" as potential defendants, which meant that any Plan-Kent members who came forward to show support would risk being named as defendants. "People were frightened by the suit," says Baker. "They thought that if they knew Jim Baker or sympathized with our concerns, they were likely to be included [in the suit]."

Then Fred A. Dickinson, a local state supreme court judge (despite its title, the supreme court is the lowest in New York's judicial hierarchy), dealt Plan-Kent another blow, ruling that there was no violation of the State Environmental Quality Review Act. Baker consulted a New York City environmental law firm and was told that it would take $150,000 to appeal Dickinson's decision.

"I couldn't risk people losing their homes," Baker says, and he and Plan-Kent gave up. Cioccolanti dropped his suit, and last summer work began on the project—only to cease in November because of the downturn in the real estate market. Cioccolanti has plans to resume work this spring.

Still, the SLAPP had sent its message: If you speak out, you can get sued. That's what happened to Monia, who headed the West Valley Taxpayers and Environmentalists Association (WVTEA) in Saratoga. In common with many other SLAPP suits, the case against Victor Monia involved a suburban area that, many residents feared, was losing its quality of life because of development. This confrontation began in 1980 when WVTEA successfully pushed for a referendum that resulted in a one-year moratorium on hillside development while the city was mandated to develop a controlled-growth plan. A month after the moratorium went into effect the Parnas company, a development firm, sued WVTEA and two other citizens' groups, plus the president of each group, for $40 million. Parnas alleged that it had been defamed in a flier circulated before the election.

"People melted away," Monia says, adding that he and WVTEA had nothing to do with the flier. "We had had a very

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active organization with 550 homeowners, and we had won 16 or 18 elections in a row. The year after the suit, we won only one and lost three or four. Membership in the first year dropped to 100, and by the second year of the suit, it was really only the board of directors and hard-core folks, about 25 of us, who were left. People wondered about our judgment. Were they going to be dragged in? People who had been very active just sort of disappeared. They wouldn't even sign a petition."

For Monia, the suit had other ramifications. "I became so preoccupied by the suit that it changed my whole focus and direction in life," he says. "I got appraisals on the house and thought of moving to Oregon. I'm like most Americans: My assets are in my home. This case was an overhanging cloud. Even though you may prevail, you'll spend a ton of money fighting it. You can win and still lose. I didn't function well at work because I was trying to figure out how I was going to protect my family. The president [of the firm Monia worked for] called me in one day and said my performance wasn't satisfactory and asked me for my resignation. If I didn't resign, I'd get fired the next day. I resigned."

But Monia doggedly carried on in behalf of WVTEA, and in 1982 the SLAPP suit was dismissed for lack of prosecution on the part of Parnas. Monia then decided to sue Parnas and Steven Bernard, Parnas's attorney—he wanted to SLAPP back, so to speak. Before going to trial, Bernard settled, for a six-figure amount. In 1989 a jury awarded Monia $260,000 in damages in his malicious prosecution suit against Parnas. Last month, the Sixth Appellate District of the California Court of Appeals upheld the jury verdict and the award. Monia, who now has his own business, says getting SLAPPed is not an experience he would like to undergo again. "Ever get sued for 40 million bucks?" he asks.

SLAPP-backs like Monia's have resulted in some remarkable jury verdicts, particularly in California. Raymond Leonardini, a Sacramento lawyer and a former state consumer-protection official, told health officials that plastic pipe made from a Shell Oil resin possibly contained a carcinogen. Shell SLAPPed Leonardini for trade libel. Shell subsequently dropped the suit, and Leonardini then countersued for malicious prosecution. A jury awarded him $5,197,000. The decision was appealed and eventually ended up before the U.S. Supreme Court, which refused to hear it, thereby letting the award stand.

In another case, the Boswell Corporation, the biggest cotton grower in the country, unsuccessfully sued three farmers for libel after they ran an ad in *The Bakersfield Californian* urging support for an irrigation project and questioning Boswell's motives for opposing the project. The farmers countersued, arguing that Boswell's suit was not based upon a belief that the corporation had been libeled, but it was intended to chill political debate in opposition to Boswell's opinion. A jury awarded the farmers $13.5 million.

As a result of these awards, it is Canan and Pring's opinion that attorneys for plaintiffs bringing SLAPPs who do not warn their clients in advance of the SLAPP-back risk "may now be courting a malpractice action or grievance filing. Conversely, overly defense-oriented target attorneys who fail to advise their clients of this post-dismissal remedy (or fail to engage or consult a plaintiff personal injury specialist) may be facing ethical exposure as well."

Pace law professor John Humbach, a specialist in property rights, pointed out that "there is *no* constitutional right to develop land. New construction can be channeled to places that are suitable for it and away from places that are not."

As might be expected, some lawyers object to the term SLAPP. "I find the acronym offensive," says Joshua J. Grauer of Cuddy and Feder, a White Plains firm. Grauer has filed a suit on behalf of a de-

veloper regarding what is known as the Jay Property. This case, which is pending, is of particular historical, environmental and legal interest. The 23-acre site in Rye was the boyhood home of John Jay, who, with Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, wrote *The Federalist Papers*. Later Jay became the first Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

The land parcel, which includes a house built in 1838 by Jay's son, Peter, and a carriage house, offers vistas of Long Island Sound. It also serves as a source of fresh water for the adjacent 137-acre Marshlands Conservancy, which harbors the last viable salt marsh on the Westchester County shoreline. In 1983, Diane Millstein, general partner of DGM Partners–Rye, bought the Jay Property for $1.075 million, planning to build luxury single-family houses. The land was still undeveloped three years later when an alliance of local, county and state civic, historical and environmental groups calling itself the Jay Coalition was formed to urge for the preservation of the property. In December 1986, with pledges of money coming from New York State, Westchester County, the Trust for Public Land and private funding, DGM Partners–Rye was offered $6.25 million for the Jay Property. The offer was turned down.

The Jay Coalition then began pressuring for the land to be acquired by the state or the county via right of eminent domain. In September of last year, the Westchester County Board of Legislators voted to acquire the land. Two months later DGM Partners–Rye sued county executive Andrew P. O'Rourke and other public officials along with several environmentalists.

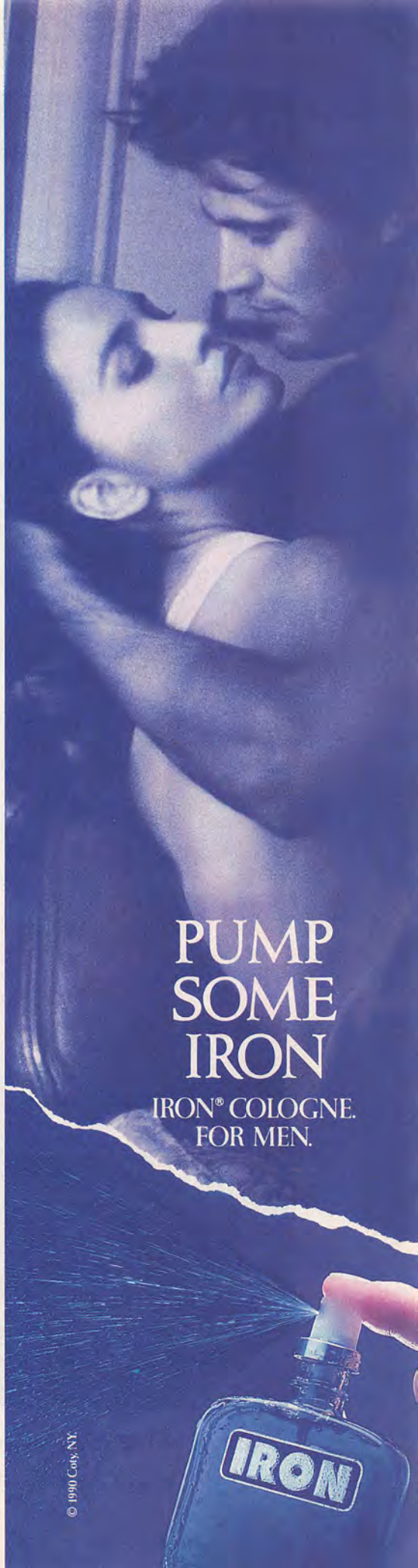
Among the latter were Kornreich, who serves on the executive committee of the coalition, and Crean, president of an organization called Friends of Marshlands. The suit, which was filed in U.S. district court, asks for $30 million in damages, alleging that the combined activities of all the defendants deprived DGM Partners–Rye of personal and property rights guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution.

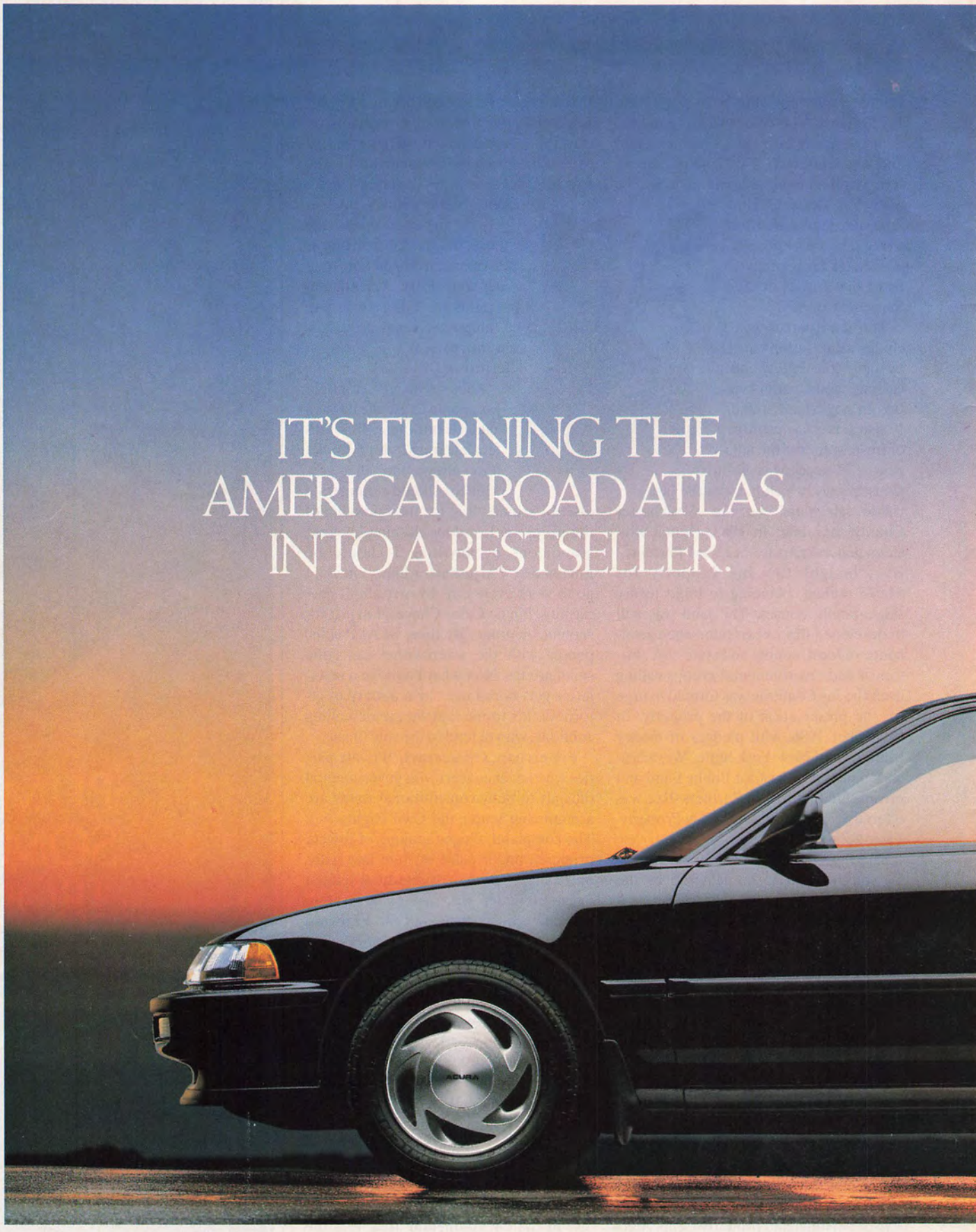
But Kornreich says, "It's *our* civil rights that are being threatened because we participated in the process of government review, and we petitioned the government to buy the property or condemn it. The fear that you have is not damages—we've done nothing wrong—the fear is the expense of your defense, the fear of realizing as an American citizen how fragile your First Amendment rights are. For a law firm to abuse the legal process is a horror. It's a form of terrorism."

Adds Crean, "It's not right for people to use the law as a cudgel, but this will not affect anything I say or do. We have always said that government should remunerate DGM Partners–Rye for the fair value of the property. I've done nothing libelous, scandalous or anything I should be ashamed of. I'm just an ordinary citizen; I go to work every day. I worry about paying bills. I'm no Cesar Chavez. I'm just Josephine Average. By filing SLAPP suits, people with the wherewithal can stifle small groups. Now what I write in a newsletter gets pored over by a battery of attorneys. It's ironic that we are defending John Jay, who defended the rule of law."

For his part, Grauer says, "Private parties who act in concert with governmental officials to deny constitutional rights are accountable under the Civil Rights Act. The complaint alleges a taking of private property, under color of state law, without compensation—a substantial federal question under the just compensation and due process clauses of the Fifth and 14th Amendments. DGM Partners–Rye has every lawful right to pursue such claims and will not be intimidated by the use of an offensive acronym such as 'SLAPP suits,' created solely to discourage adjudication of legitimate constitutional claims."

Still, SLAPPs, as Attorney General Abrams said at the Pace colloquium, "demand special attention because they represent an attack on the First Amendment rights, which are the heart of our democracy. Citizen activism has been the very cornerstone of social justice in our society. In the environmental area, it is the cornerstone to our very survival on this planet." ■





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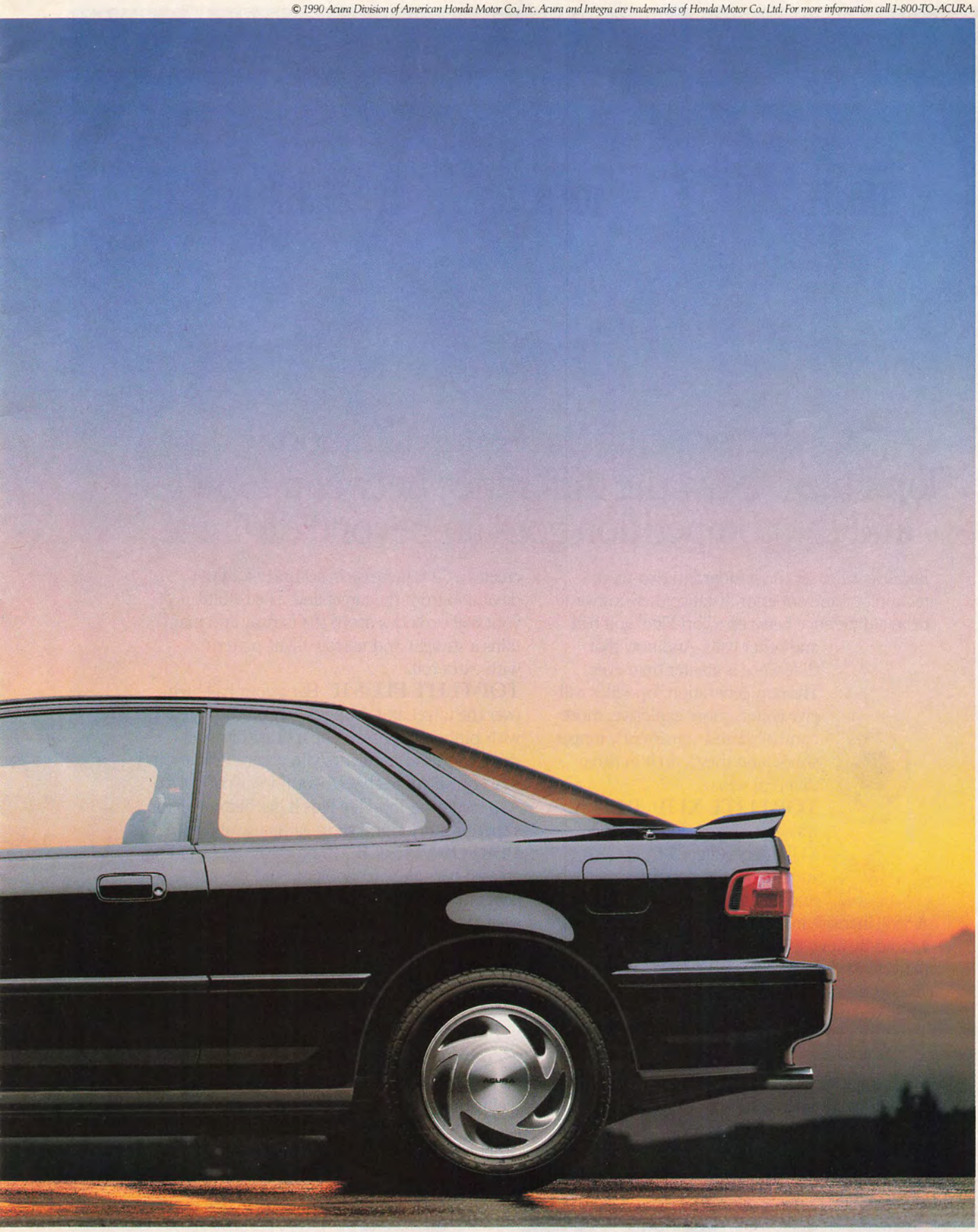

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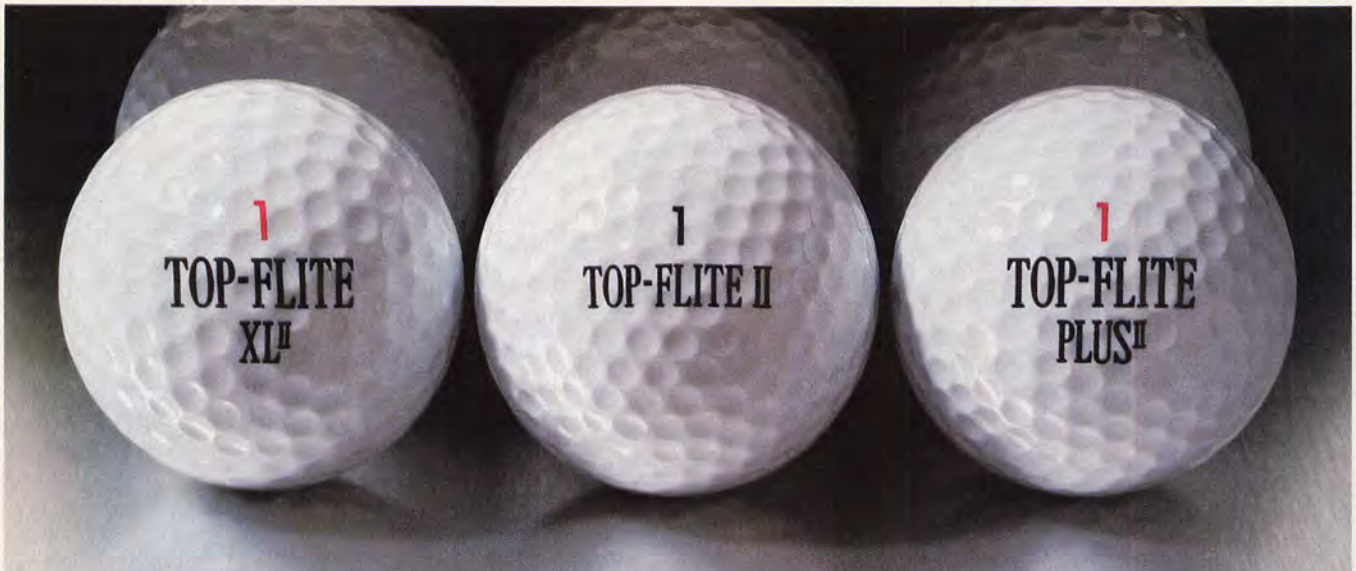

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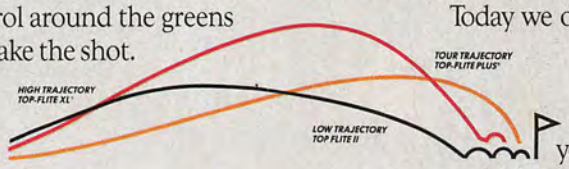

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SCORECARD

Edited by Steve Wulf

Tragedy on Bay Street

Nine people are killed by an avalanche while helicopter-skiing in British Columbia's Bugaboos

It was one of the last runs of the day—March 12—for 13 helicopter-skiers in the Bugaboos of British Columbia. As they headed down a steep and open slope called Bay Street, a shelf of snow above them broke loose without warning, sending a torrent of powder down the mountain. Three skiers avoided the avalanche, but 10 were buried under the snow, and only one of them, guide Jos Lang, could dig herself out. It was the worst tragedy in the history of heli-skiing in Canada, bringing to more than 40 the number of heli-skiers who have died there in the last 12 years.

The victims came from Britain, France, Germany, Spain and the U.S.—testimony to the lure of wilderness skiing. But with the pleasures of deep powder come the perils. In SI's Jan. 14 issue, E.M. Swift wrote a chilling account of his week of heli-skiing, during which a small avalanche stopped just short of him and a fellow skier died of suffocation. By coincidence, Canadian Mountain Holidays (CMH), which took Swift and his friends heli-skiing, is the same outfit that operated last week's tragic outing.

Five certified professional mountain guides employed by CMH had deemed Bay Street safe. But others feel that the skiers should not have been out there. Frank Baumann, a Canadian avalanche expert, as well as a heli-skier and former heli-ski operator, told SI, "I don't know the specifics of the conditions, but I feel that run is an obvious major avalanche slide path. You can certainly reduce the risk by skiing lower slope angles, by being cautious as to how soon after a major storm you ski, by making conservative judgments on the condition of snowpacks. This accident shows that they may not have been conservative enough."

There have been cries to ban the sport, but heli-skiing is a $27 million industry in Canada, and provincial governments have gone out of their way to cooperate with heli-skiing operators. In 1985 the British Columbia government allowed operators, suffering from high insurance costs, to have clients sign waivers of liability, so that those clients would have difficulty suing heli-ski firms in the event of injury or death. "In developed countries, our governments should monitor safety standards," says Baumann. "But here the people who make the money also make the decisions on safety."

It is time that Canadian authorities take a closer look at heli-skiing. At the very least, the ski companies should not be allowed to force clients to sign liability waivers, even if that means high insurance rates. The companies would then have a strong incentive to emphasize safety. In the meantime, potential customers should also take a closer look at heli-skiing and ask themselves whether the thrill of the sport is really worth the risk.

NICK DIDLICK/VANCOUVER SUN

DAVE BUSTON/CP

The red box above indicates where the avalanche originated; below is a closeup of the area.

Judgment Calls

To the **Albany Patroons** *of the Continental Basketball Association, for completing their regular season with a record of 50–6, giving them a winning percentage of .893, the highest in the history of pro basketball.*

To **Joanna duPont,** *who is providing a "retirement home" for thoroughbreds, called Greener Pastures. She has set aside a barn and 60 acres on her Maryland farm for racers who might otherwise be destroyed or forced to run past their prime.*

To the organizers of the opening ceremony at last week's World Figure Skating Championships in Munich (page 34), *for ignoring the exploits of such East German stars as Katarina Witt and Gaby Seyfert in a celebration entitled 100 Years of Figure Skating in Germany.*

THEY SAID IT

George Foreman, on the difference in eating habits between him and his upcoming opponent, heavyweight champ Evander Holyfield: "He's got a nutritionist, and I've got room service."

High Stakes

Lenny Dykstra's gambling debts are a serious matter

Last week Lenny Dykstra, the Philadelphia Phillies' centerfielder, was called to testify in federal court in Oxford, Miss., as a witness against Herbert Kelso, who was charged with running high-stakes poker

AL TIELEMANS

Dykstra and the Phillies seem to be shrugging off his gambling losses.

games. Although Kelso was acquitted by a jury, Dykstra testified that he had written checks totaling $78,000 to Kelso to cover gambling losses sustained in both poker and golf between 1988 and early '90.

To some in the Phils' camp in Clearwater, Fla., Dykstra's gambling debts seemed more a matter of amusement than concern. When Dykstra was asked last Friday what he told a group of minor leaguers he had been invited to address, he sang, "You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em." Teammate Wally Backman said, "If they decided they wanted to go after everyone who plays cards and makes a little wager on it, then nobody would be able to field a team. Murph [Dale Murphy] would be the manager, general manager and only player."

But even in this era of skyrocketing baseball salaries, there was clearly nothing little about Dykstra's wagers. The Phillies and commissioner Fay Vincent's office talked to Dykstra about the losses last year. The club—from owner Bill Giles on down—seems to think that the case is closed, although Vincent says that it is not.

Vincent, who met with Dykstra last Saturday, has taken a curious stance regarding the situation. On the one hand, he said last week, "I want to be sure that baseball people are aware that there is great danger. Many times the illegal bookmakers . . . are also drug dealers." On the other hand, Vincent told reporters, "You know as well as I do how many people standing here can't tell me they haven't bet with a bookie on football or basketball. It's become part of America's culture."

The point that should be made is not that a lot of players—and sportswriters—bet, but that any player who runs up gambling debts of $78,000 might be pressed to provide inside information, or worse, and thus jeopardize the integrity of the game. Nobody, not Dykstra, not the Phillies, not the commissioner, should shrug that off.

People in baseball have short memories. Only two years ago, Pete Rose was making light of *his* gambling.

Sulky of Swat

On March 2, a pacer named Babe Ruth won the fourth race at Pocono Downs in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., from post position 7. The second- and third-place finishers in the race came from posts 1 and 4, respectively, which means the Big Triple combination for the race was 7-1-4. The Bambino, of course, hit 714 homers in his career.

PATRICK MCDONNELL

Sesame Seed

Big Bird and gang send the Lady Tigers packing

Last year the Penn State women's basketball team was forced to hit the road for its first-round NCAA tournament game because school officials had reserved the team's gym for a men's NIT game. This year the Louisiana State women's team suffered an even greater indignity. Last week the Lady Tigers, whose No. 2 seeding in the Midwest entitled them to host a second-round game, were sent packing by Big Bird and *Sesame Street Live,* which had previously reserved the Pete Maravich Assembly Center.

The scheduling conflict had coach Sue Gunter and LSU's fans feeling like Oscar the Grouch. "This is a shame," said Gunter. "Here we get an opportunity to play at home and really bring in a crowd, and this happens." The LSU athletic department, she said, should have made sure the arena was available for a possible early-round NCAA tournament game. According to Gunter, LSU should have learned its lesson two years ago, when the Lady Tigers were also granted a first-round bye and second-round home court advantage only to be preempted by a table tennis tournament.

So the Lady Tigers had to travel to Beaumont, Texas, last weekend to face the 10th-seeded Lamar Lady Cardinals. Gunter's worst fears were realized as Lamar trounced LSU 93–73. Unlike LSU, Lamar was able to work around *its* gym's previously scheduled act for the date—the Harlem Globetrotters.

—KELLI ANDERSON

Making a List

The Final Four will be determined this week. Some high seeds have already been upset, but the NCAA tournament has always had surprises. SI's Alexander Wolff picks the 10 biggest upsets in its 53-year history.

1. 1985 Final: *Villanova 66, Georgetown 64. The Wildcats needed to shoot 79% from the floor to win.*

2. 1966 Final: *Texas Western 72, Kentucky 65. The Miners left even Pat Riley undressed.*

3. 1983 Final: *North Carolina State 54, Houston 52. Lorenzo Charles turned an air ball into victory over Phi Slamma Jamma.*

4. 1991 First Round East: *Richmond 73, Syracuse 69. The Spiders are the first No. 15 to win a tournament game.*

5. 1965 East Final: *Princeton 109, Providence 69. The Friars had prematurely cut down the nets after an OT semifinal win over St. Joseph's.*

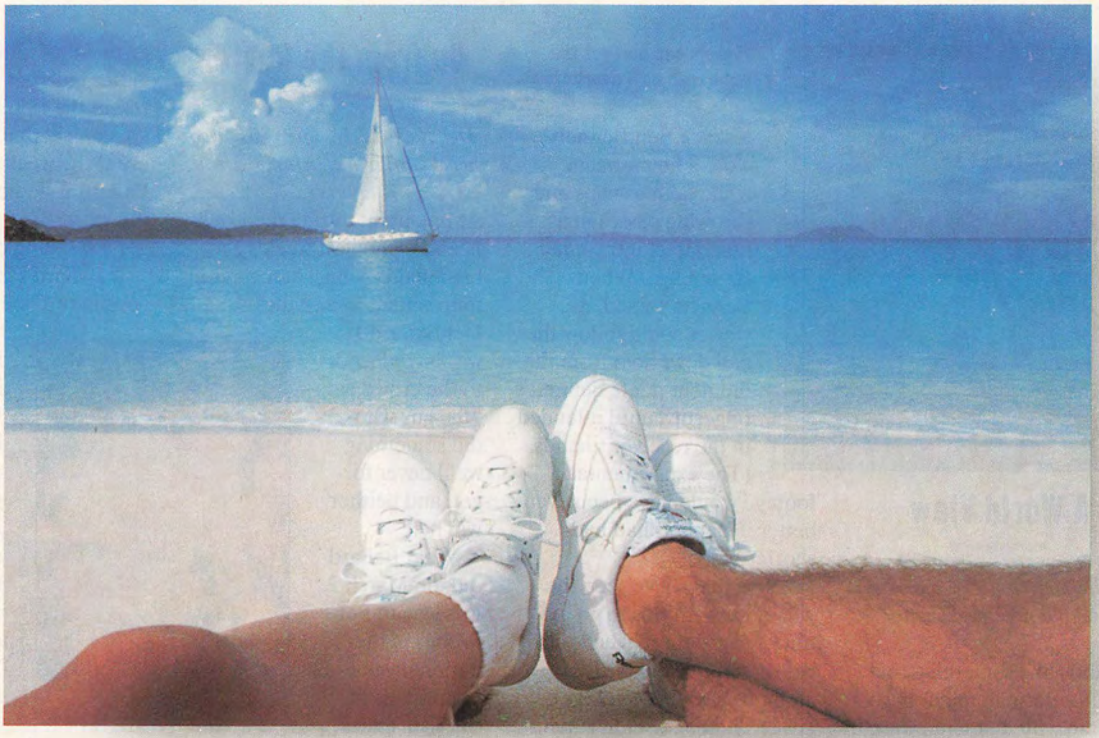
6. 1981 Second Round Mideast: *St. Joseph's 49, DePaul 48. A missed free throw KO'd the tournament favorite.*

7. 1957 Final: *North Carolina 54, Kansas 53, in triple OT. Against Wilt and Co., UNC hoops became religion.*

8. 1947 Final: *Holy Cross 58, Oklahoma 47. Freshman Bob Cousy came off the bench to give an Eastern team its first title.*

9. 1987 First Round Southeast: *Austin Peay 68, Illinois 67. ESPN's Dick Vitale made good on his promise to stand on his head.*

10. 1979 Second Round East: *Penn 72, North Carolina 71. Carolina newspapers thought Penn* State *won.*



Our honeymoon in the Caribbean December, 1988

THE SHOE FITS

Reebok

Shown: Reebok Classics – Women's Plié Low, Men's Club C Tennis

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THEY SAID IT

Jose Rijo, Cincinnati Reds pitcher who is in the midst of divorce proceedings with his wife, Rosie, after allowing six runs in an exhibition game: "I only gave up three runs—Rosie gets half of everything."

USA NETWORK

Viewers can now get the same rush as a quarterback.

A World View

The helmet-cam gives viewers a whole new perspective

It sounds like something that David Letterman might have come up with, but Craig Janoff swears it was his idea. And if it works, quarterbacks on two continents may soon be strapping on (and plugging in) their helmet-cams.

The hyperactive World League of American Football, the new NFL-sponsored international minor league that begins play this week, announced plans last fall to wire players with two-way radios. But Janoff, who will direct the league's Monday night games on the USA Network, wanted to take the idea one step further. He asked a California video-technology firm to adapt a miniature camera for insertion into a football helmet.

On March 11, Janoff's concept became a reality. Sacramento Surge quarterback Ben Bennett wore a helmet-cam while taking snaps and throwing passes in a no-contact intrasquad scrimmage. When Bennett passed, a viewer could follow the ball downfield from the moment it left Bennett's fingertips until it landed in the receiver's hands. (The experimental footage would have been even better if Bennett had had shorter hair.)

"Now that we've seen the video, we want this to go big time," says Janoff, who is also the director of the NFL's *Monday Night Football* on ABC. There is a slight catch, however. Before the helmet-cam is cleared for use in games, it must undergo tests to see how it will stand up to a smashing blow from a linebacker. At $20,000 a unit, it's not exactly disposable. But it's likely that the device will be used within a few weeks.

The helmet-cam, shaped like a tube of lipstick, is encased in foam rubber and attached to the inside of a standard football helmet, just above the right cheek-pad, so that only the dime-sized lens is visible. A tiny wire plugs into a transmitter, which Bennett wore on top of his shoulder pads. Technicians are still trying to figure out how to place the transmitter inside the pads. "We may get seven or eight good replays out of it a game," says Janoff. "When the defensive end charges the quarterback, it's a great sense, a great feel."

Of course, the quarterback may not always agree.

—JON SCHER

Above the Rim

Some Chicago-area priests have formed a basketball team that plays in charity exhibitions. In a nod toward UNLV, they call themselves the Runnin' Revs.

Up from the Gutter

Del Ballard Jr. wins just two weeks after his infamous roll

At one point during the Long Island Open, last week's Professional Bowling Association tournament in Sayville, N.Y., Del Ballard Jr. was introduced to the crowd as "the guy who did something we'll never forget, and neither will he."

ERICA BERGER/NY NEWSDAY

Ballard avoided memory lane.

What Ballard did, on March 2, was lose to Pete Weber in the nationally televised finals of the Fair Lanes Open in Randallstown, Md., in the most devastating way possible. Ballard needed two strikes and a seven in the 10th frame to beat Weber. He got the two strikes, but, instead of safely rolling the ball down the middle for the seven, he tried to make his customary gutter-hugging hook. He slipped and put the ball in the channel. "Since then I think I've gotten more publicity for the PBA than for anything I ever did in the past," said Ballard, a 10-year tour veteran from Richardson, Texas.

Ballard had to take an awful lot of kidding after the gutter ball, but rather than resent the ribbing, he chose to go along with it. At a pro-am event the week after his slip, Ballard rolled his first ball into the gutter—on purpose. He got a standing ovation.

If Ballard's gutter ball is considered one of sports' great "chokes," then his performance in the Long Island Open has to stand as one of sports' great recoveries. He got the monkey off his back with clutch victories over Danny Wiseman and Jim Johnson Jr. In fact, the match against Wiseman in the semifinal was similar to the match against Weber. Ballard needed a strike and an eight on his last two rolls. After he got the strike, he hooked the ball for another strike and a 250–247 win. Then he blitzed Johnson 223–183.

"I prayed I would get in a spot like that on TV again," said Ballard. "I'm thankful it came so soon. The title's the thing, but just rolling a big ball like that should erase all bad memories for me and hush the folks who had been kidding me."

—PAT CALABRIA

Replay 15 Years Ago in Sports Illustrated

JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

The March 22, 1976, issue was unusually prescient. Curry Kirkpatrick profiled the tennis-playing Austin family, including Tracy, 13. Said her father, George, "The cutest thing was when she was nine, and she would beat the best women in the club. Then she would go play in the sandbox." One of the FACES IN THE CROWD was future hoops star Mike Gminski, then a high school junior.

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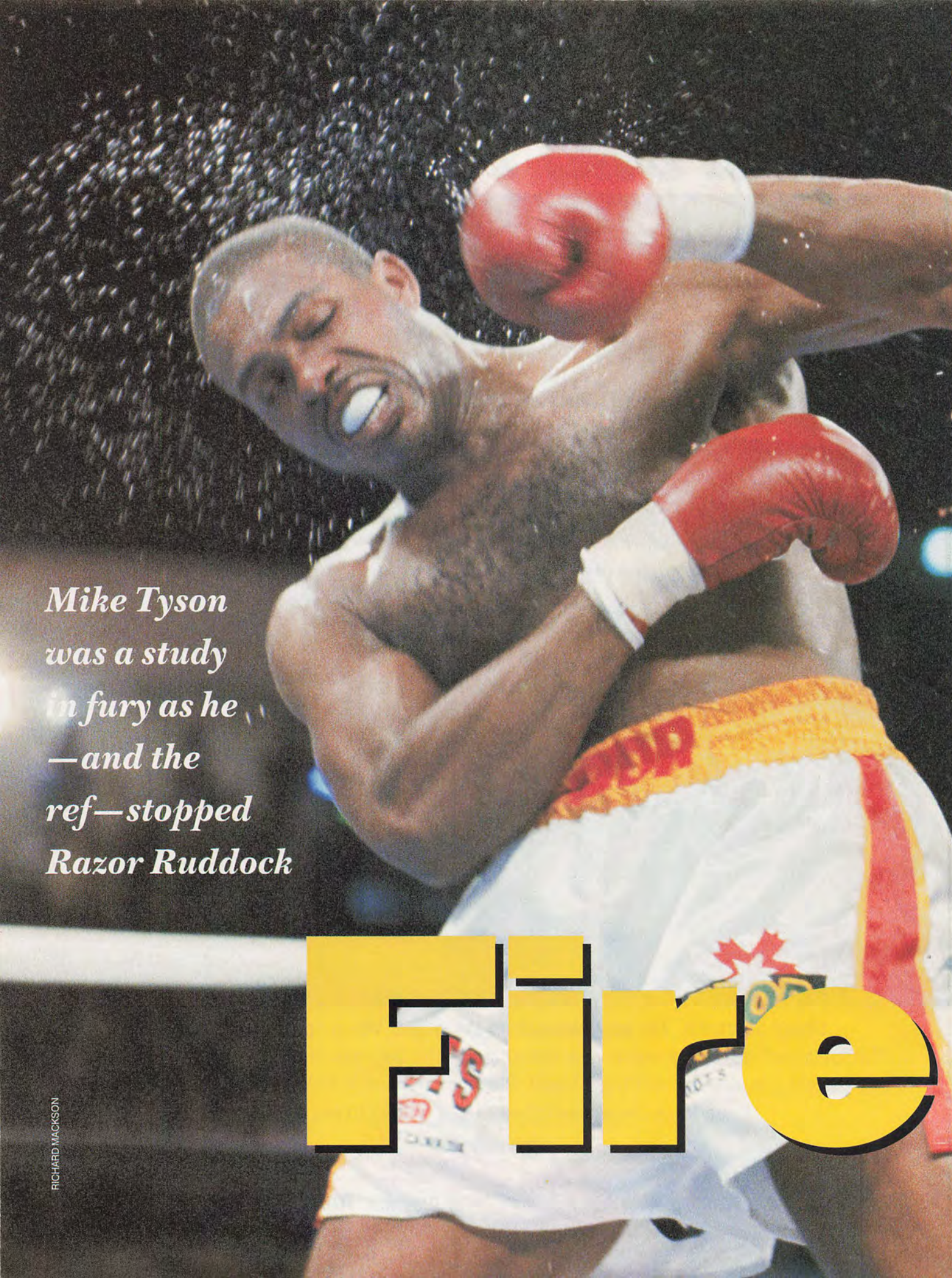
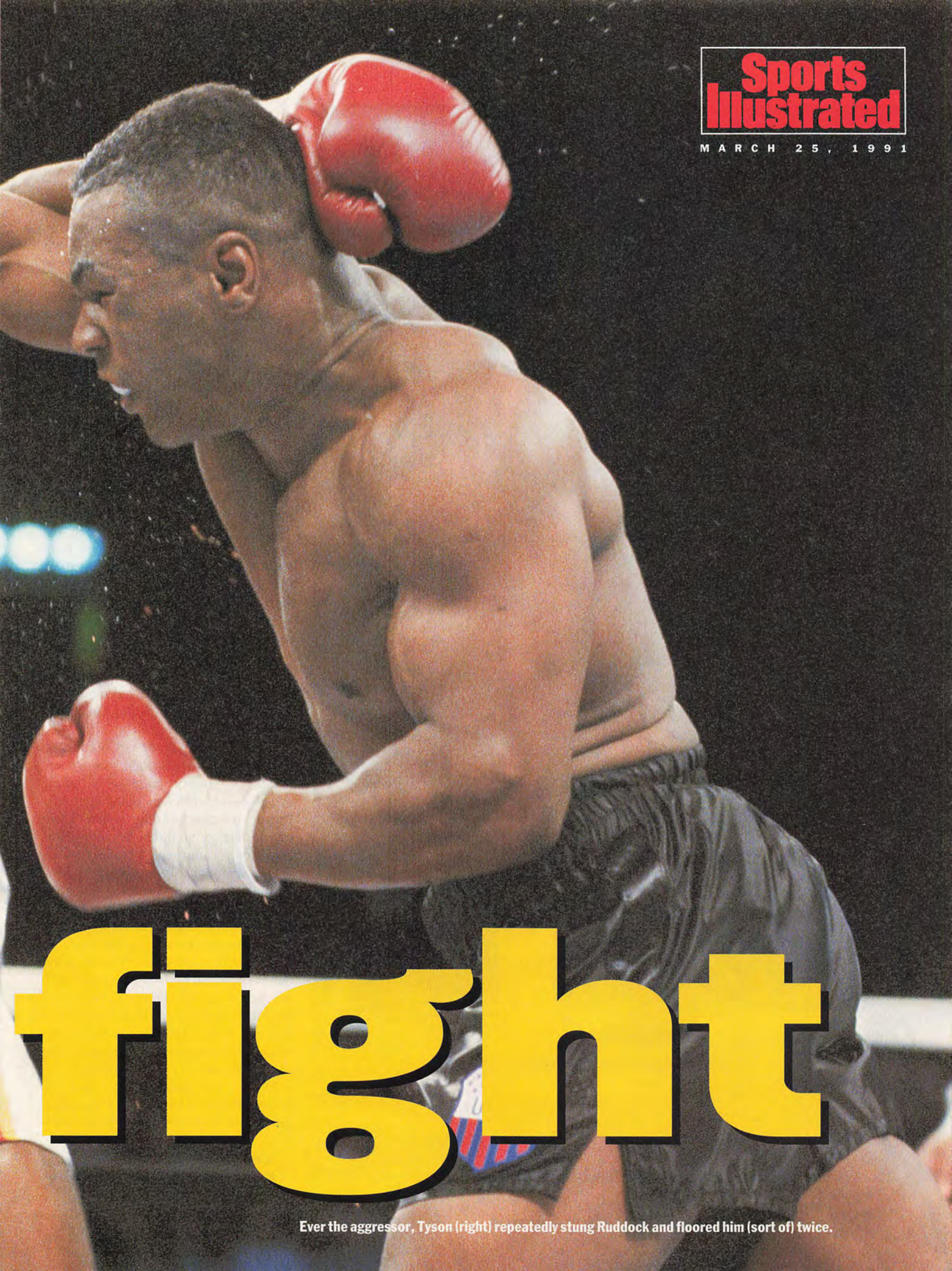


Mike Tyson was a study in fury as he —and the ref—stopped Razor Ruddock

Fire

RICHARD MACKSON

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 25, 1991



fight

Ever the aggressor, Tyson (right) repeatedly stung Ruddock and floored him (sort of) twice.

WILL HART/SHOWTIME

In the sixth, the only round Ruddock won, he hit Tyson with shots like this right to the chin.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL HART/SHOWTIME

by PAT PUTNAM

IF RICHARD STEELE, A REFEREE OF global renown, had been at Bunker Hill, he would have pulled the trigger early. Failing to look into the whites of Razor Ruddock's eyes, Steele signaled an unnecessary cease-fire with 38 seconds to go in the seventh round in Las Vegas on Monday night, thus saving the courageous Ruddock from further assault by Mike Tyson. But by rescuing Ruddock from this attack, Steele may only have set him up for a similar mauling on a future date.

Hardly had the smoke cleared in the Mirage hotel's outdoor arena, when Ruddock's seconds—after a furious but unsuccessful attack against Steele—screamed for a rematch. Wearing the look of a man who had won a state lottery, promoter Don King reviewed the case, weighed the evidence, smiled when he thought of more millions to be made, and agreed. It took him three seconds. Ruddock, who had complained the least about the stoppage of the fight, smiled painfully at the prospect of facing Tyson again.

Tyson, calm in the midst of this storm, took on the sort of look that George Foreman sports on his way to Burger King. "I don't mind doing it again," he said softly. "I wanted to punish him, and if he wants more, that's O.K. I'd rather knock him out cleanly."

Next time they should put sawdust on the floor. This was a fistfight, pure saloon, fought with bravery and savagery, butting and elbowing, each man trying not to defeat the other but to destroy him. There was no finesse; no intent to score points for 12 rounds and then wait to see how the judges scored it. Tyson made at least $6 million, and Ruddock, a 9–2 underdog, earned $3 million, but they fought as if they would have done it for nothing.

As expected, Tyson came out like a pit bull freed from its leash. "I want to kill him," Tyson had said, more recently adding that he didn't think the statement needed elaboration. "He has made it a personal thing," said Ruddock. "It's no longer about money. He said he was going to kill me, and that's serious trouble."

At 6′ 3″ (to Tyson's 5′ 11″) and 228 pounds, Ruddock looked like a Michelangelo statue. He hoped to use those sculpt-

ed muscles to test the chin that had cost Tyson his heavyweight title against Buster Douglas 13 months ago. But all of Ruddock's 25 victories—18 of them by knockouts—and his one draw had come against either unknowns or boxing's elder statesmen. In his lone defeat, to Dave Jaco in 1985, he had quit on his stool after seven rounds. Ruddock said it was asthma; his critics suggested it was a faint heart.

On Monday both Tyson's chin and Ruddock's heart were tested and proved sound. Coming in at a hard 217 pounds, Tyson opened with a savage body attack. Ruddock had begun his career as a boxer, but as he piled up the KOs he began to emerge as a puncher. "They're crazy," said Tyson's trainer Richie Giachetti, of Ruddock's brain trust. "He knocks out a couple of old guys, and they all go nuts. That has to hurt him. They are making him believe he is something he's not."

"Keep the pressure on, and it's an easy fight," Giachetti told Tyson in the days before the bout. While knocking out 35 of his 40 opponents, Tyson had drifted from the basics taught him by his late guardian and mentor, Cus D'Amato. Under Giachetti, Tyson has gone back to working on a jab and head movement, two tools he had honed early in his career and then virtually discarded. "All those knockouts made him lackadaisical," said Giachetti. "I haven't taught him a thing. I just have him fighting the way Cus taught him to fight, going back to the basics."

Tyson and Ruddock wasted no time testing each other. Before the opening bell Ruddock bounced around the ring, seemingly eager to begin, while Tyson eyed his foe with a small smile. "I don't try to intimidate anybody before a fight," Tyson said. "That's nonsense. I intimidate people by hitting them."

Ruddock was not intimidated. He did go down in the second round, and though Steele ruled it a knockdown, it was a fluke. Tyson threw a left hook, which Ruddock took on his right elbow and shoulder. As Ruddock turned, Tyson's right leg hooked him, and he fell. He bounded up immediately and shrugged as Steele counted to eight.

The second knockdown was the real thing. With five seconds to go in the third round, Tyson fired a hook over a missed right hand, and Ruddock danced crazily to his left and fell. This time he stayed down until the count of six. As he retreated toward his corner—the count and the

Wobbly but upright, Ruddock exclaimed in disbelief as Steele stopped the fight in Round 7.

JOHN IACONO

round ended virtually simultaneously—Ruddock raised his arms as if to say, "I'm O.K. He didn't hurt me."

By the end of Round 5, the fight had settled into a brutal, one-sided pattern. Ruddock's hook found Tyson's head repeatedly, but nothing slowed the former champion. Ruddock's corner told him, "You can't do it with just one punch. Throw combinations." Few came. Ruddock wanted to hurt Tyson with one hard punch, then overwhelm him.

Before the bout, trainer Slim Robinson, who mapped Ruddock's battle plan, had said, "I don't think Tyson's chin is as good as his punch. He can't take a punch as well as he can throw one. If he wants to fight in the middle of the ring, we'll fight him in the middle of the ring. And we aren't looking to win his respect. To hell with respect. We're looking to take him out of there."

It almost happened. Late in the sixth round, Tyson was stung by two left hooks and a right hand. He bulled into Ruddock, grabbing him. Breaking free, Ruddock cracked home a right hand. Looking disgusted, Tyson paused and pointed to his chin. That was a mistake. Another right hand snapped Tyson's head back just before the bell. "It was like a bleeping mule kick," Tyson said afterward.

Furious with himself, Tyson was up and out of his corner before the bell opened the seventh round. Glaring, he motioned Ruddock forward. Ruddock complied slowly. By now, between rounds, he was desperately taking great gulps of air.

Tyson caught Ruddock's attention early in the round with two blows low on the hips, drawing boos from the fans but no warning from Steele. With a minute to go, Ruddock was hit low again, and two more right hands drilled him into the ropes. Tyson slammed a right hand to the body, then snapped Ruddock's head back with a hook. Raising both hands high, Ruddock staggered back across the ring.

After missing with a right and a left, Tyson scored with another right and a left, driving Ruddock into the ropes. Rushing in, Steele grabbed Tyson with both arms. Barely glancing at Ruddock, who was on his feet and bouncing off the ropes, Steele waved that the fight was over.

"What!" said Ruddock, his eyes wide with shock. Immediately an angry army came boiling out of Ruddock's corner, led by Delroy Ruddock, Razor's older brother and manager, and Murad Muhammad, his promoter. Tyson spotted the charge first, and in apparent reply to the plaints of Ruddock's handlers that they wuz robbed, he yelled, "That's bull——! That's bull——!"

A few feet from Tyson, Giachetti turned and moved to intercept Delroy Ruddock. "He was trying to get at Steele," Giachetti said. "I grabbed him and told him to cool it. Then Murad sucker-punched me." Giachetti went down, and someone kicked him four times.

A squad of green-jacketed security people leaped into the ring and hustled Steele away to safety. Inside the crowded ring, a series of small skirmishes broke out. Ruddock retreated to his corner; Tyson moved to a neutral corner, where—wisely—no one tried to attack him. It was a short melee, but it was stupid and ugly.

Steele later told an interviewer that he had stopped the fight because Ruddock no longer could defend himself. "People just get out of hand because of the simple fact that they don't understand boxing," Steele said. "They must come to see someone get hurt seriously or death."

"All we want is justice," said Muhammad, after order was restored. Muhammad, who had copromoted the four-bout card with King, had not wanted Steele to work the fight. He claimed that Steele, who had refereed numerous bouts promoted by King, was too close to King. With, as it turned out, uncanny prescience, Muhammad worried that, if Ruddock was able to pose a threat to Tyson, Steele would call a premature halt to the fight as soon thereafter as Ruddock got in any kind of trouble. After first threatening to sue Steele and nearly everyone involved in the fight, Muhammad said that a rematch would patch things up nicely.

Ruddock will get another crack at Tyson, but whether it will be in a fight for the heavyweight crown largely depends on what happens next month in Atlantic City when Foreman meets the champion, Evander Holyfield. If Foreman wins, he will be in no hurry to defend his title against Tyson, but a Holyfield victory will mean that Tyson's long wait for an opportunity to reclaim his throne will be over. ■

At this point in the postfight melee, the focus has shifted from Steele (near rope at right) as Delroy Ruddock (near rope at left) is restrained by a Ruddock handler from moving toward Tyson, while Razor Ruddock and promoter King (top) contribute their histrionics, further exciting the ringside celebrities.

WILL HART/SHOWTIME

RAYOR

PENN STATE
23
54
AA CHAMPIONSHIP

JOHN BIEVER

Neely's tasty dishes to his mates helped surprising Eastern Michigan swallow Penn State.

Indy Qualifying

As the race for the Final Four in Indianapolis revved up, UNLV was still in the driver's seat | by ALEXANDER WOLFF

A FEW THINGS IN THIS WORLD you can count on. For instance, when James Brown was released from prison late last month, he announced, "I feel good." (You knew he would.) Also, when it gets to be March and time for college basketball's Annual Bracket Racket, inexplicable and wondrous things will occur. The mighty will fall to ragamuffins from obscure compass points, an adenoidal ball peen head will go nutso on cable, and some guy with acne from a town with no stoplights will find his three-point stroke and enjoy a Warholian quarter hour of fame.

Givens, all. So how come we're so doleful after the week just past? Lordy, we did get an astonishing first-round upset. Haven't heard of arachnophobia? Just ask Auburn (1984 tournament), Indiana ('88), Georgia Tech ('88) and now Syracuse what it's like to be a high seed in the NCAA basketball tournament and face the Richmond Spiders.

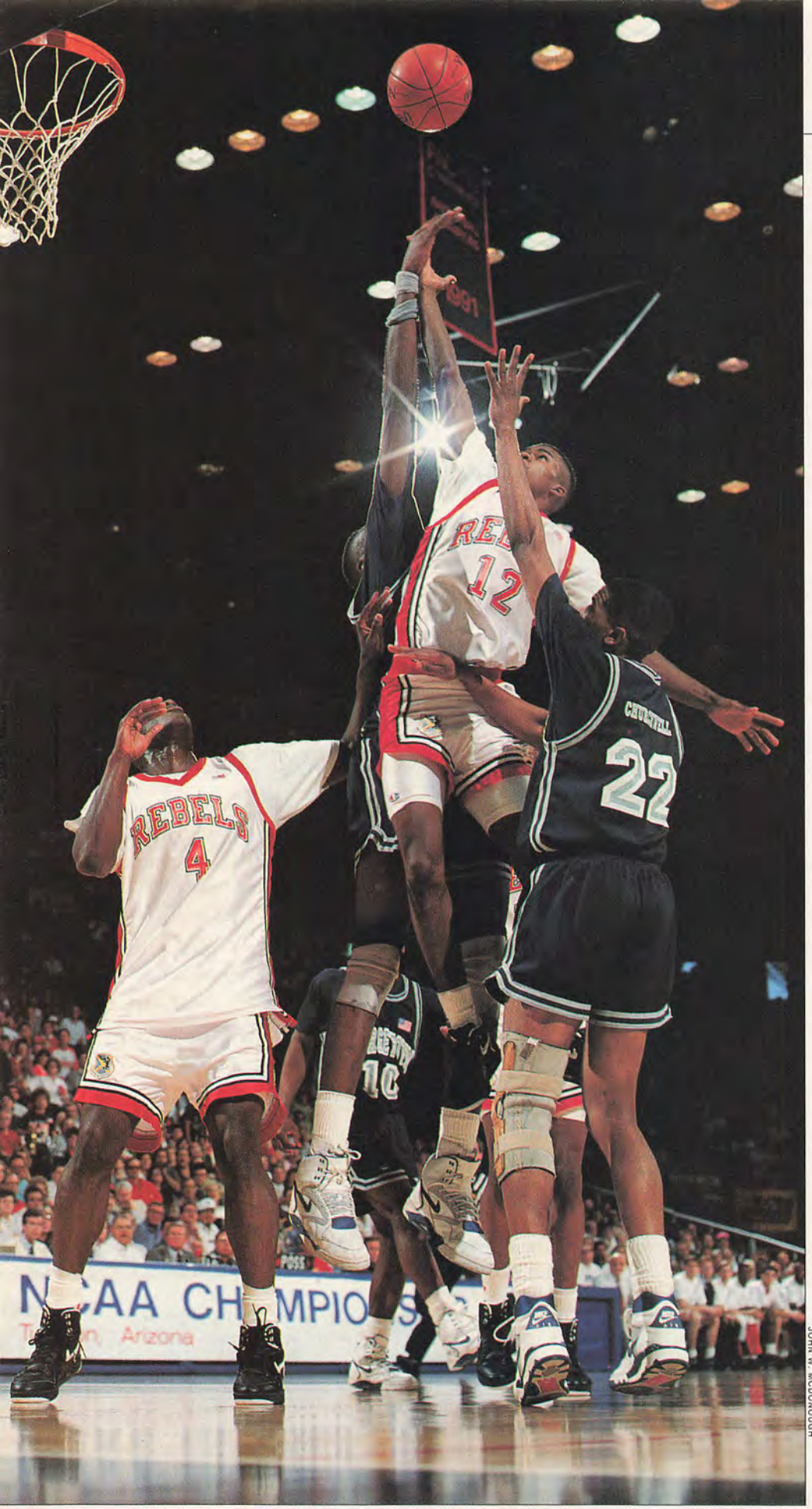
Alas, in the second round nary a single lower-seed team beat a higher seed over 16 games. Of course, this has been a season for favorites anyway. More precisely, for one favorite—UNLV, everybody's choice to retain its title in Indianapolis. Last week gave us a strange sort of Indy qualifying, with teams vying for spots in a race in which the pole position, if not the victor, had been determined long ago.

When UNLV center George Ackles injured his left foot during a 99–65 first-round rout of Montana in Tucson, you could almost sense the rest of the field becoming amateur podiatrists, straining to interpret Ackles's infirmity as a sign that Vegas was vulnerable. So what happens? For UNLV's 62–54 defeat of Georgetown on Sunday someone hands coach Jerry Tarkanian a lug wrench, he bolts 7-foot backup center Elmore Spencer (six blocks) to the chassis, and *vroooooom*, out of the pits and down the road toward the Final Four goes UNLV.

And yet?

Just when the Rebels were about to lap the field, Georgetown made a run at them in their second-round game out WEST. "What's today, March 16th?" said Hoya coach John Thompson before his matchup with Tarkanian, who had never beaten him. "Our philosophy is more in keeping with yesterday [the Ides of March]. We didn't come to praise Caesar. We came to bury him." Hoya freshman guard Charles Harrison was less literary but no less apt: "If you respect them, they're going to blow you away."

Gamely, the Hoyas dissed Vegas. Midway through the second half, after trailing by as many as 15 points, they pulled to within four, before the Rebels surged once again. Then, in the closing minutes, just before Hoya forward Alonzo Mourning fouled out, Georgetown sliced UNLV's lead to five points. Both Hoya rallies, though, were halted by ill-advised shots by young players, and Georgetown had to settle for becoming only the sec-



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

Hunt (12) had to extend himself against a Hoya team that thinks it softened up the Rebels.

ond team all season to lose to UNLV by a single-digit margin.

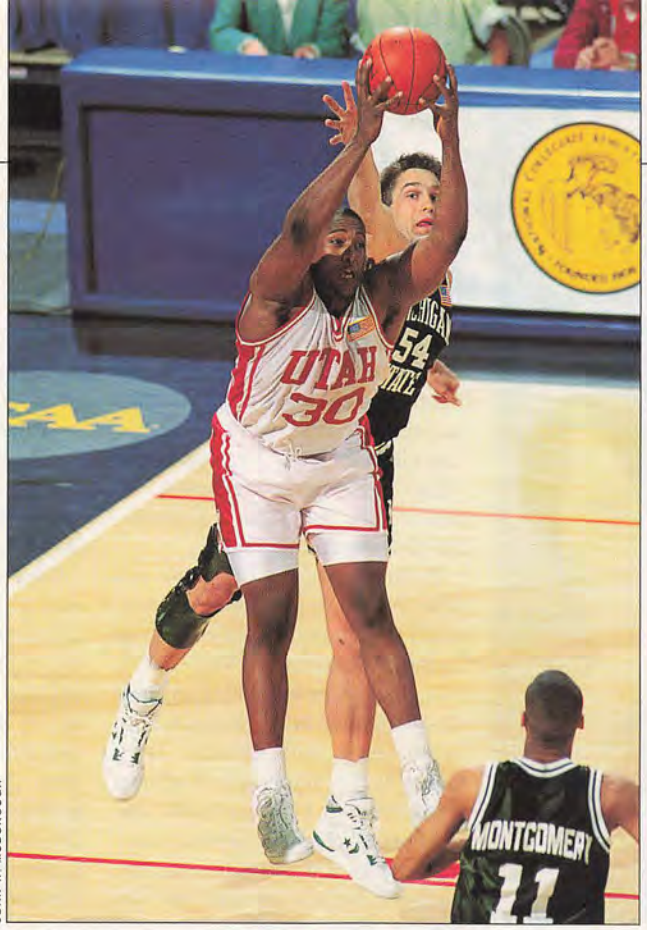
Tark had been disappointed by his players' lassitude in their tuneup against Montana. "We were throwing alley-oops from half court and trying to dunk them one-handed," he said. "I told them to cut that crap out." (Tsk, tsk. Now, kids, back to basics: *Always dunk your alley-oops from half court with* two *hands*.) And after the Georgetown win, the Sad-Eyed One insisted, "There are probably four or five teams who've played as well as us in the tournament."

Jud Heathcote's Michigan State team would have been next for UNLV had not the Spartans fallen 85–84 to Utah in double OT. Michigan State had edged Wisconsin–Green Bay 60–58 in the first round when star guard Steve Smith nailed a leaning jumper as time expired. Smith immediately ran over to the Fighting Phoenix bench and asked one player, "So, what are your plans for spring break?"

The Spartans missed out on tournament wins in 1986 and '90 because of bizarre time-keeping incidents, but against Utah their luck turned enough to at least buy them a couple of extra periods. First, an unusual off-the-ball foul in the waning moments of regulation gave Michigan State an opportunity to convert a four-point play, which it did to tie the game and force the first OT. Then, a Spartan putback of an intentionally missed free throw with 4.4 seconds remaining in the extra period bought a second reprieve.

However, it will be the Utes and their 6′ 10″ star, Josh Grant (29 points and 10 rebounds against Michigan State), who will face UNLV in the regional semifinal in Seattle. "It'll probably be a bloodbath for us," said Utah coach Rick Majerus. "But what's the worst that can happen? What are they going to do, eat us?"

Brigham Young drew a first-round match in Salt Lake City with undersized Virginia, against which 7′ 6″ Shawn Bradley blocked 10 shots in a 61–48 victory. But the Cougars found the roles reversed when they had to go up against second-seeded Arizona and its frontcourt contingent of 6′ 11″ Brian Williams, 6′ 11″ Sean Rooks and 7-foot Ed Stokes. The Wildcats sealed it with a late 21–6 run, during which Williams threw down a dunk over Bradley. "I used to practice with [7′ 7″]



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

With 10 rebounds Utah's Walter Watts (30) shone against Michigan State.

Manute Bol, and I dunked over him a few times, so I was used to the feeling," said Williams after the 76–61 win.

Led by sharp-shooting guard Terry Dehere, Seton Hall beat Creighton 81–69 in Salt Lake City for the right to take on Arizona in Seattle. The Pirates trailed at the half, but the Bluejays' cast of precise and patient perimeter players—call 'em the Mutuals of Omaha—then came a cropper, turning the ball over so many times that Creighton coach Tony Barone, a former Chicago Cub batboy, must have been tempted to reach for the pine-tar rag.

Either Seton Hall or Arizona will be a worthy opponent in the regional final for, presumably, UNLV—the Pirates because they're now playing their best defense of the season, the Wildcats because of their antipathy for the Runnin' Rebels. Mourning believes that the Hoyas softened up Vegas. "From reading the papers, you'd think they were Superman and Batman," he said. "They're not invincible."

"He can say what he wants," countered Rebel guard Anderson Hunt. "But we're advancing, and they're going home."

No region more flagrantly violated the tournament's traditional spirit of unpredictability than the SOUTHEAST, which produced nary an upset. The atmosphere in Atlanta and Louisville was not unlike the run-up to a major prizefight, with Arkansas, the No. 1 seed, and Indiana, the No. 2, sending signals to each other from opposite sides of the draw.

Indiana was blessed with friendly confines in Louisville, where it outscored Coastal Carolina 25–9 from the free throw line in its 79–69 first-round victory despite the 13-for-15 shooting of the Chanticleers' Brian Penny. The previous day, Florida State coach Pat Kennedy had pulled his team off the floor shortly before the Seminoles had exhausted their allotted practice time. "The place was already packed with Indiana fans, and I could just imagine what it would sound like when [Hoosier freshman] Damon Bailey walked onto the court," he said. "I didn't want my kids to go through that."

Kennedy also recalled that as a teenager he had fetched Cokes for Hoosier coach Bob Knight when Knight conducted a clinic at a basketball camp in the Poconos run by Kennedy's brother, Bob. "The son of a bitch only paid me $50 for being there," Knight said upon hearing this story. "Tell Kennedy that."

Kennedy got to see Knight's latest clinic for free. The Seminoles led the Hoosiers by 11 with 1:41 left in the first half when Bailey and another former Indiana Mr. Basketball, guard Pat Graham, nailed treys before the break. In the second half Knight went mostly with a small lineup composed of penetrating shooters. They did not commit a turnover and outscored Florida State 50–22 en route to an 82–60 win.

In a matchup of motion offenses in Charlotte, Indiana will play Kansas, which advanced to the regional semis by beating New Orleans 55–49 and Pitt 77–66. Last season's Jayhawks peaked in January and then fizzled. This season's team has traced an inverted line. "Last year's team was full of good kids," said Kansas coach Roy Williams. "In fact, they were maybe too good for their own good. They were so conscientious they worried about what people thought." And this team? "They care about what I think."

It must be the pull of the moon in March, because the Crimson Tide runs high most every spring. In the 11 years Wimp Sanderson has been the coach, Alabama has made six appearances in the Sweet 16—and gone no farther. Yet in beating Wake Forest 96–88 in the second round, thanks to 21-point efforts from point guard Gary Waites and forwards Melvin Cheatum and Latrell Sprewell, 'Bama showed why its fortunes could change. Said Wake Forest coach Dave Odom, whose team had also lost to the Tide in November, "Waites is doing all the things now that he did then, plus he's trying to score. Now they attack you from five spots instead of four."

Alabama next faces Arkansas, whose coach, Nolan Richardson, found himself having to cheer up his players following their 97–90 second-round defeat of Arizona State. Seems that the Hogs, winners

MANNY MILLAN

Bailey's hustle was reflected in Indiana's tough win over Coastal Carolina.

JOHN BIEVER

The Tar Heels were passing fancy in dispatching Villanova.

by 41, 47, 29 and 31 points in their previous four games, were disappointed that they didn't dispatch the Sun Devils more easily. "Just remember that a raggedy ride is better than a smooth walk," said Richardson. Arkansas can expect the former from the Crimson Tide.

With five of the top eight seeds in the EAST falling in the first round, the region opened up all the more for top-seeded North Carolina. And the Tar Heels showed no trace of complacency, drumming Northeastern (101–66) and Villanova (84–69) in Syracuse to reach the Round of 16 for the 11th year in a row.

The Tar Heels travel to East Rutherford, N.J., to take on what will have to pass as this season's Cinderella, Mid-American Conference champ Eastern Michigan, which recently retired its nickname, the Hurons, because it was an affront to Native Americans. (A *Detroit Free Press* contest has proposed a replacement: Emu, which, while acronymically apropos, is also a flightless, ostrichlike bird.) The proposed Emus beat Penn State 71–68 in OT inside the Carrier Dome to reach the regional semis. Eastern Michigan's splendid point guard, Lorenzo Neely, scored five of his 18 points in the extra session and guided the team after two frontliners fouled out.

Funny thing about North Carolina: For all the early-season second-guessing coach Dean Smith endured for using so many players and not finding a "rotation," you're hearing something altogether different now that he's employing his scrambling, half-court D to excellent effect. "I know Vegas is in this thing," said Villanova coach Rollie Massimino. "But I think Carolina has the talent to win it all."

If Smith is firing off thank-you notes for the way the draw has broken, the first one should go to Dick Tarrant, Richmond, Va., 23173. The Spiders never trailed in their 73–69 stunner over Syracuse. Late in the first half forward Terry Connolly, Richmond's lone senior, found himself in heavy traffic under the basket and improvised a behind-the-back flip to teammate Jim Springer for a layup that put the Spiders ahead by six. Just then, any neutral observers at Cole Field House in College Park, Md., threw their loyalties to the underdogs.

So deep were the Spiders, and so confident was Tarrant in his overmatched players, that he inserted a cold freshman, guard Eugene Burroughs, into a hot game with 1:29 to play. Fouled with 21 seconds left and the score 70–69, Burroughs calmly toed the line, winked at his dad in the stands and swished the two free throws that, minutes later, had students in Syracuse screaming obscenities out of their dorm-room windows. Not since the tournament went to 64 teams in 1985 had a team seeded so low (No. 15) knocked off one so highly placed (No. 2).

If you can come to terms with Oklahoma State coach Eddie Sutton's being in the tournament while Kentucky, the team he left on probation, stays home, you'll cotton to the Cowboys. They play the throwback defensive style favored by paterfamilias Henry Iba. That was enough to defeat turnover-prone New Mexico 67–54 in the first round and to bamboozle N.C. State's dynamic backcourt of Rodney Monroe and Chris Corchiani in the second. Corchiani, who had upbraided Duke's Bobby Hurley during the ACC Tournament the previous week for whining to the refs, was caught caterwauling a few times himself during the 73–64 loss to the Cowboys.

Oklahoma State, which plays a fierce man-to-man defense, now faces Temple in one of the tournament's most intriguing matchups. The Owls showed unusual balance and consistent shooting, in addition to their normal sticky matchup zone, in easing past Purdue 80–63 and the itsy-bitsy Spiders 77–64. Temple's superb guard, Mark Macon, will meet up with the Cowboys' defensive specialist, Corey (the Terminator) Williams, who says, "When I come in, I tell the man I'm guarding, 'I'm

DAVID E. KLUTHO

Anderson (12) had more to fret about in Tech's loss to Ohio State.

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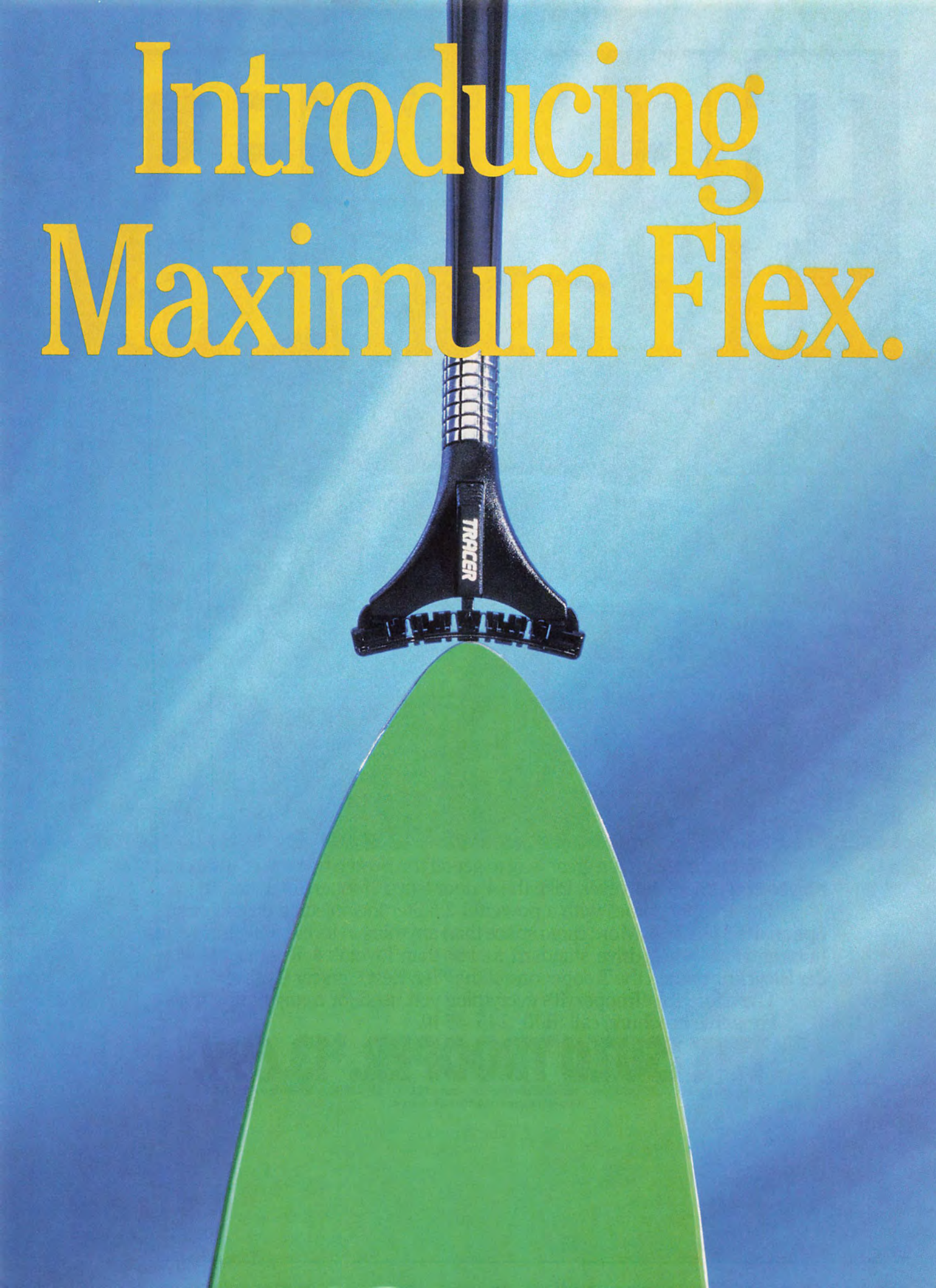

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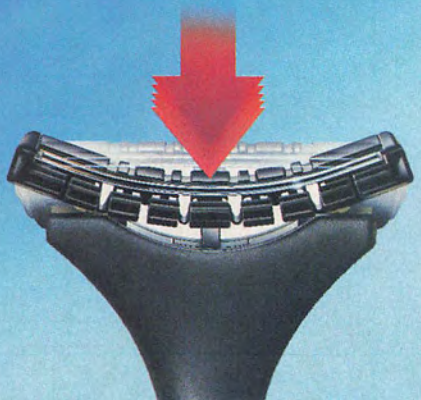

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M I C H E L O B

baaaaaaack.' " Macon is baaaaaaack, too—back in the Meadowlands, where he surely will want to atone for the 6-for-29 shooting performance he turned in there in a losing effort against Duke three years ago in the regional final.

In the MIDWEST, Ohio State entered the tournament as the shakiest of the No. 1 seeds, having lost its last two regular-season games. Coach Randy Ayers considered his team to be on "the critical list," and even after a 97–86 first-round defeat of Towson State in Dayton, he refused to give the Buckeyes a clean bill of health. "We didn't sustain the lead [at one point it shrank from 18 points to five]," he said, "and we shot free throws badly." Indeed, poor foul shooting nearly did in the Buckeyes against Georgia Tech and its wondrous sophomore guard, Kenny Anderson, but they hung on to win 65–61.

"At this stage, attitude is more important than preparation," said Ayers. "We needed confidence." Two victories, however tenuous, have put the swagger back in the Buckeyes' step—and into that of point guard Mark Baker, who had been hobbled by a late-season ankle injury.

Only this week did Anderson let on how much he has suffered this season carrying the Yellow Jackets and coping with speculation over whether this would be his final year as a collegian. The stress has been such that clumps of his hair have begun to fall out. "The doctor said it might be a fungus," said Anderson, who notes that he's a fretter by constitution. "But I'm going with the worry theory."

In Tech's 87–70 defeat of DePaul, Anderson had been magnificent, your average transition magician with a five-speed transmission. He was spottier against the Buckeyes, scoring six straight points to pull the Yellow Jackets to 57–53 with 5:14 remaining but then going cold as Ohio State steadied itself and finally sank some free throws—seven in a row over the last half minute.

Fourth-seeded St. John's is Ohio State's next opponent, in Pontiac, Mich. Texas coach Tom Penders, whose Longhorns lost 84–76 to the Redmen, thinks the Johnnies' combination of prudent shooting and frontcourt size could be enough to undo the teetering Buckeyes—but only "if they can play in a rhythm and hit their free throws, because Ohio State puts you on the line a lot."

In the opinion of Connecticut coach Jim Calhoun, his No. 11–seeded Huskies produced "as good an 80 minutes as we've played all year" to move into the regional semis against Duke, the team that beat them out of a Final Four berth last year. In the first 40 of those minutes, Connecticut controlled LSU's All-America center, Shaquille O'Neal, in a 79–62 victory. Then came a 66–50 win over a depleted Xavier team, whose floor leader, Jamal Walker, played only six minutes because of a bum foot. As the Huskies mush on, watch guard Chris Smith. At hoops clinics in the Northeast they're already teaching his top-of-the-key, crossover dribble move and calling it "the Chris Smith."

The highlight of Duke's 102–73 first-round romp over Northeast Louisiana in Minneapolis was Blue Devil coach Mike Krzyzewski's trashing of a chalkboard at halftime to fire up his charges. Two days later the Blue Devils, who have made the Final Four four of the last five years, dominated Iowa 85–70. "They're so experienced," said Hawkeye coach Tom Davis, after his team tried in vain to disrupt Duke with full-court pressure. "If anything, Duke is ready now for pressure defense. I think that loss to UNLV [in the 1990 title game], and the way the pressure hurt them, still sticks in their craw."

Every team, it seems, is talking about UNLV, referring to UNLV and measuring itself against UNLV. Because Georgetown at least gave the Rebels a decent game, perhaps the rest of this tournament won't be played under a sort of terry-cloth shroud. "Last year we were right there with them," says the Buckeyes' Baker, referring to Ohio State's loss to Vegas in the second round. "Then we shot 24 percent in the second half. We just didn't feel we could beat them. This year our confidence level has changed. We believe we can take them now."

But UNLV took Georgetown's best shot—twice—and still comfortably prevailed. That game, far from sowing doubts among the Rebels, may well have tempered them. So it says here that, all things considered, this isn't really a field of 16. It's a field of 15, with one thresher. ■

DAVID E. KLUTHO

As Texas tumbled, St. John's and Jason Buchanan kept going—right into the Sweet 16.

Ice Queens

Kristi Yamaguchi led a U.S. sweep at the world figure skating championships | by E.M. SWIFT

THAT SHRIEK? THE ONE THAT REverberated through Munich's Olympiahalle last Saturday afternoon? Could it really have come from the new world ladies' figure skating champion, Kristi Yamaguchi of Fremont, Calif., upon receiving her first-ever perfect 6.0 mark for artistic impression? Naaah. Couldn't have been quiet Kristi.

That fearsome wail must surely have emanated from some other source. Perhaps from U.S. Figure Skating Association vice-president Claire Ferguson, when it suddenly became clear that Yamaguchi, Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan had given the Americans a clean sweep of the gold, silver and bronze medals, the first time one nation had gone 1-2-3 in a women's world championship. Or maybe it was a shriek of pain as some unthinking wretch poked Japan's Midori Ito in the ribs to ask if she would mind posing over there by the boards for a snapshot. Or could it have been an anguished yelp from France's Surya Bonaly, upon hearing that the quadruple jump she had apparently landed—immediately before her belly flop—may not have been a full four revolutions after all?

Nope, it was Yama, as her friends call her. "I'm telling you, you guys don't know her," said Yamaguchi's coach, Christy Kjarsgaard Ness, to some members of the press. "Little, quiet Kristi shrieked."

In reliving the week of the world championships, let us dispense with the dance competition first. If ice dancing ever was truly sport, as opposed to theater, this year it went beyond the fringe, the chiffon, the taffeta and everything else. Bizarre? Let's put it this way: Bronze medalists Maia Usova and Alexander Zhulin of the Soviet Union appeared to open their free dance program in a woodland, with Zhulin hopping like a rabbit around Usova, who was kneeling like a shrub. What happened next was unclear—lots of interpretzeling of body parts, certainly—though the thematic confusion might have been cleared up had the Soviet dancers provided the judges and media with a crib sheet explaining their program's message.

No such mistake was made by the ice dance winners, Isabelle and Paul Duchesnay of France, who issued a press release explaining that they would be skating *Missing II*, a sequel to *Missing*, last year's ice dancing hit about repression in a South American dictatorship. In *Missing II*, the dictatorship is over! This must have been terribly good news to the audience, because the Duchesnays received their first standing ovation merely for showing up in tattered garments and looking tortured. The judges, apparently despairing of trying to put marks on that which should merely be critiqued, let the applause-o-meter decide this one.

Paul was born in France and Isabelle in Canada, where they were both raised. They have trained in Germany since 1985, are coached by a Czech, Martin Skotnicky, and choreographed by a Brit, Christopher Dean, late of Torvill and Dean, the 1984 Olympic gold medalists in dance. Lovers and other strangers also are in their camp since Dean is engaged to marry Isabelle, who is Paul's sister, on May 18. With so many people rooting for them, one had the feeling the Duchesnays would have won for skating *Jack and Jill Went up the Hill*.

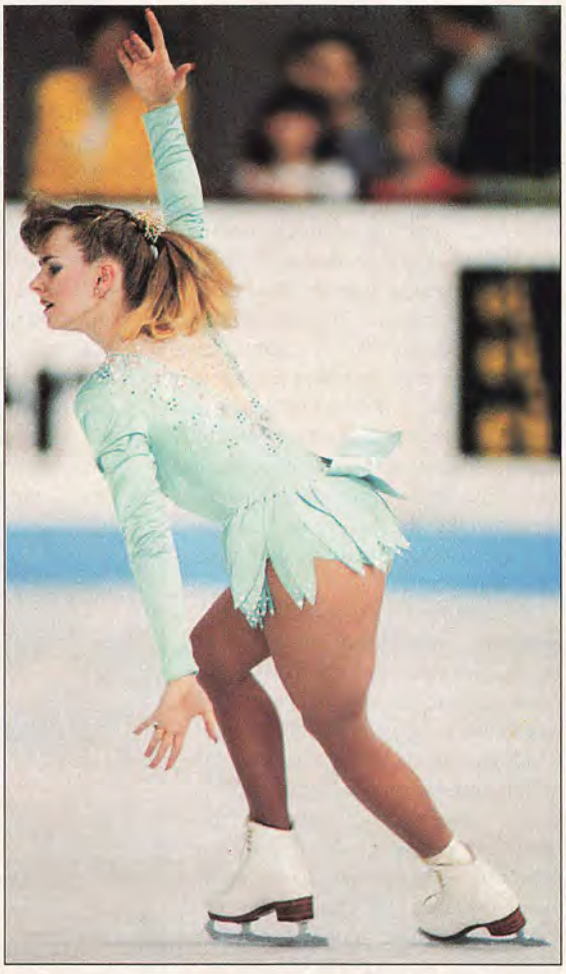
The pairs competition was considerably more uplifting. On March 13, it produced a surprise bronze medal for the U.S. as 27-year-old Todd Sand of Costa Mesa, Calif., and 14-year-old Natasha Kuchiki of Los Angeles, who have been skating together only 18 months, moved from 11th place at the 1990 worlds all the way up to third. But the finest performance of the entire championships was turned in by Natalia Mishkutienok and Artur Dmitriev of the Soviet Union, the latest in a long line of championship Soviet pairs.

Mishkutienok, 20, and Dmitriev, 23, train five days a week with a choreographer from Leningrad's famed Kirov Ballet. Natalia, called Natasha, is as flexible as Gumby and can hoist her ankle above her head while Dmitriev holds her upraised skate and spins her almost flat to the ice, all this accomplished with no more effort than most people would expend falling off a log. That move, inciden-

Skating last in the free skate competition, the elegant Yamaguchi landed six triples and earned a 6.0 from one judge to clinch the gold.

tally, is called Natasha's Spin, presumably because there is no one else who can do it.

Mishkutienok and Dmitriev had a theme to their free skate program. "She's a light, light cloud," said their coach, Tamara Moskvina. "He's a nice-looking young man who's dreaming about finding his cloud." The two of them meshed so effortlessly during their spins and lifts, that the 5′ 2½″, 110-pound Mishkutienok appeared to be literally weightless, as if she might catch a breeze and drift away at any moment. The 4½-minute program closed with a death spiral, leading into a full, languorous split on the ice, back into another death spiral, leading into Natasha's Spin until she was levitated back into the sky . . . and oh, heck, it was pure magic.

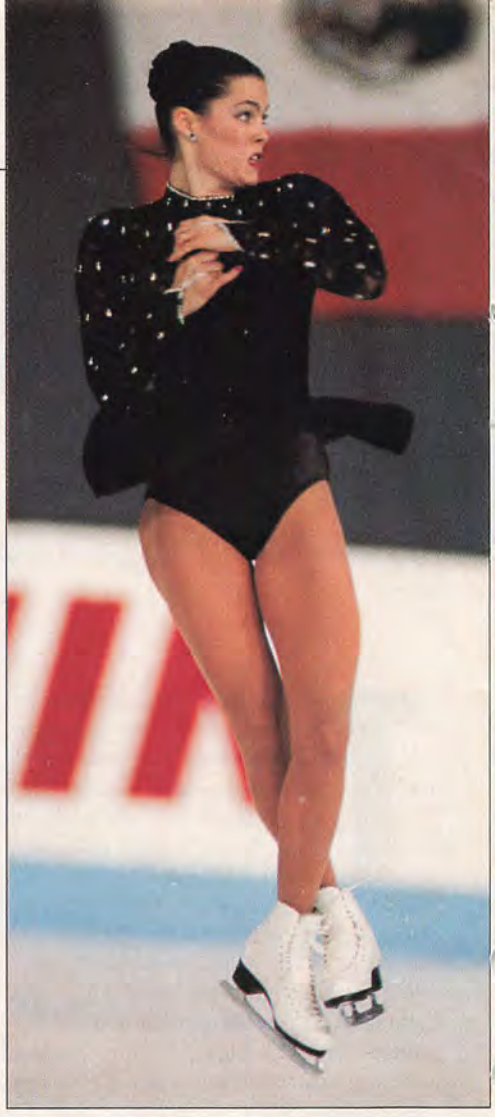


The men's competition went pretty much according to form, with Kurt Browning of Canada winning his third straight world title—"his hat trick," in the words of Dewey Browning, Kurt's father—this time over the stylish Soviet, Viktor Petrenko. The overall quality of the final five men was quite high, with Browning leading the way by landing three triple-triple combinations that earned him eight 5.9's for technical merit. "Whenever you see a wall of 5.9's you are looking at the winner," said Toller Cranston, who received a mild shock earlier in the evening when his coaching charge, Christopher Bowman, tried the first quad of his career—he fell—just two days after landing his first perfect one in practice. "Christopher's got the courage of Hercules," said Toller, who, in boarding the irrepressible Bowman for the past six months, can claim the labors. Still, Hercules fell two notches from his 1990 standing to finish fifth.

A more rewarding show of heart was displayed by the two-time U.S. men's champion, 19-year-old Todd Eldredge. Taking the ice last Thursday night as the last of the final five skaters, Eldredge needed a flawless performance to have any chance of passing Petr Barna of Czechoslovakia to win the bronze—a finish that would allow the U.S. to send three men to next year's Olympic Games in Albertville, France. Eldredge is one of those rare skaters who performs best when there is no margin for error, and when he nailed his triple Axel–triple toe loop early in his program, the audience erupted.

From that point, Eldredge, not known for his on-ice charisma, pretty much had his way with the crowd. "I wanted to get the program off the ice and into the stands," he said. "I feel it was the best I've skated, and it sounded like the audience got into it, too."

When it was announced that Eldredge had, indeed, taken third, the heavily North American crowd gave him almost as loud a cheer as Browning had received. "I heard from people who've been around a long time that this was one of the best last flights of figure skating they'd seen in their lives," said Browning. "I think the skaters who took over after 1988 have finally come into their own."



U.S. champion Harding (left) missed three triples but nailed a triple Axel. Kerrigan fell once, but she skated well enough for the bronze.

That can certainly be said of the American women, especially considering that the 1990 world champion, Jill Trenary, was back in Colorado Springs, recuperating from surgery on her right ankle. "I think it's wonderful," she said when informed of the U.S. women's sweep, accurately adding, "It means next year's nationals is going to be like the Olympics."

Stay tuned for that one, a competition that will include: two world champions, Yamaguchi and Trenary; the defending national champ, Harding; and two world bronze medalists, Kerrigan and Holly Cook (who finished third in the '90 worlds)—all vying for just three spots on the U.S. Olympic team.

The American women, of course, have always been both strong and deep. In truth, though, no one can remember when the European women skaters have been as weak as they are now. The European champion, Bonaly, is a marvelous jumper and spins nicely, but she runs into

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

trouble in between, when she actually has to skate. She might as well be on double runners as she glides stiff-leggedly from one trick to the next—the best of which, a back flip, is not allowed under the rules.

Ito, of course, is a force to be reckoned with, especially if she learns the dimensions of the rink. Entering the competition as the favorite, she introduced a daring short program from which she was fortunate to emerge with her life. First, during warmups, Ito and France's Laetitia Hubert crashed into each other while winding up for their jumps. Ito, who suffered bruised ribs in the crash, slumped against the boards for a full minute, in tears. She pulled herself together and, in the final seconds of the warmups, was finally able to land her combination jump. But she nearly hit the boards in doing so and had to pull up abruptly.

Said Harding, who was leading the short program to that point, "After she ran out of room in the warmups, I thought she'd make an adjustment."

Ito didn't. Over the years she has acquired a reputation for skating too close to the boards, and once again she waited too long to begin her combination triple Lutz–double toe, so that an instant after she landed her second jump, she hurtled over the 12-inch-high barrier that had been cut into the boards to accommodate an ice-level television camera. She quickly reemerged and finished her program. The judges, several of whom did not deduct the mandatory .3 or .4 for the fall, gave her rather generous third-place marks; afterward she was whisked off to the hospital for precautionary X-rays.

Yamaguchi's short program was superb—even Kristi allowed she could hardly have skated it better—and she stood first. Still, she needed to win last Saturday afternoon's free skate in order to take home the world title. Not even her mother, Carole, was confident she could do it. "I don't know if she's mentally tough enough yet," Carole said. "And she doesn't have that triple Axel."

Both Ito and Harding can land a triple Axel. Since finishing second to Harding last month at the nationals in Minneapolis, the 19-year-old Yamaguchi has been knocking herself out trying to put it into her repertoire, without luck. She trains in the Royal Glenora rink, in Edmonton, with a pretty fair jumper named Kurt Browning, among others, so she is not lacking encouragement. And Kjarsgaard Ness is certain she'll have the triple Axel by next year. But there is some question whether Yamaguchi, who evokes such elegance on the ice, even needs a 3½ revolution jump.

She certainly didn't this year. Skating last of the final five competitors, and thinking that if Eldredge had skated so well from that difficult draw, so could she, Yamaguchi was unaware of the great and small disasters that preceded her. First, Bonaly did her skating kangaroo routine, falling twice—once while applauding herself immediately after her near-quad.

Then Harding, after nailing her triple Axel, rushed her triple toe–triple toe combination and turned it into an ungainly single-double. She didn't fall during her program, but landed only four of the seven triples she had planned. "I didn't deserve to win," Harding said later.

Ito, who was experiencing pain both in her ribs and her left ankle, didn't want to skate. But she was persuaded to try by the chairman of the Japanese Skating Federation, Katsuichiro Hisanaga, who was hoping she could hang on to third place, thereby giving the Japanese three spots in the Olympics. It wasn't to be, as the game Ito landed only four of eight triples, falling on one of those occasions. That enabled Kerrigan, who also fell once but otherwise skated well, to pass Ito and finish third in her first worlds. "Next year Midori will do her combination in the middle of the ice," said Hisanaga.

Which left only Yamaguchi. Skating her free program faster than she had at the nationals, taking her jumps visibly higher, Yamaguchi landed six triples while proving that the era of the stylish skater had not yet passed. Remember what Cranston said about a wall of 5.9's? Yamaguchi put up seven of them for artistic impression, plus a perfect 6.0 from Italian judge Franco Benini. "She's such a finished skater," said Harding's coach, Dody Teachman. "Coming into this, I knew Kristi would be our competition."

Browning was so happy that his training partner won that he dissolved into joyous tears. Come to think of it, among the Japanese contingent, team Yamaguchi and a host of proud U.S. coaches and officials, there were a lot of moist eyes last Saturday afternoon in Munich. But that's figure skating. We wouldn't have it any other way. ■

History-making threesome: from left, Harding, Yamaguchi and Kerrigan.

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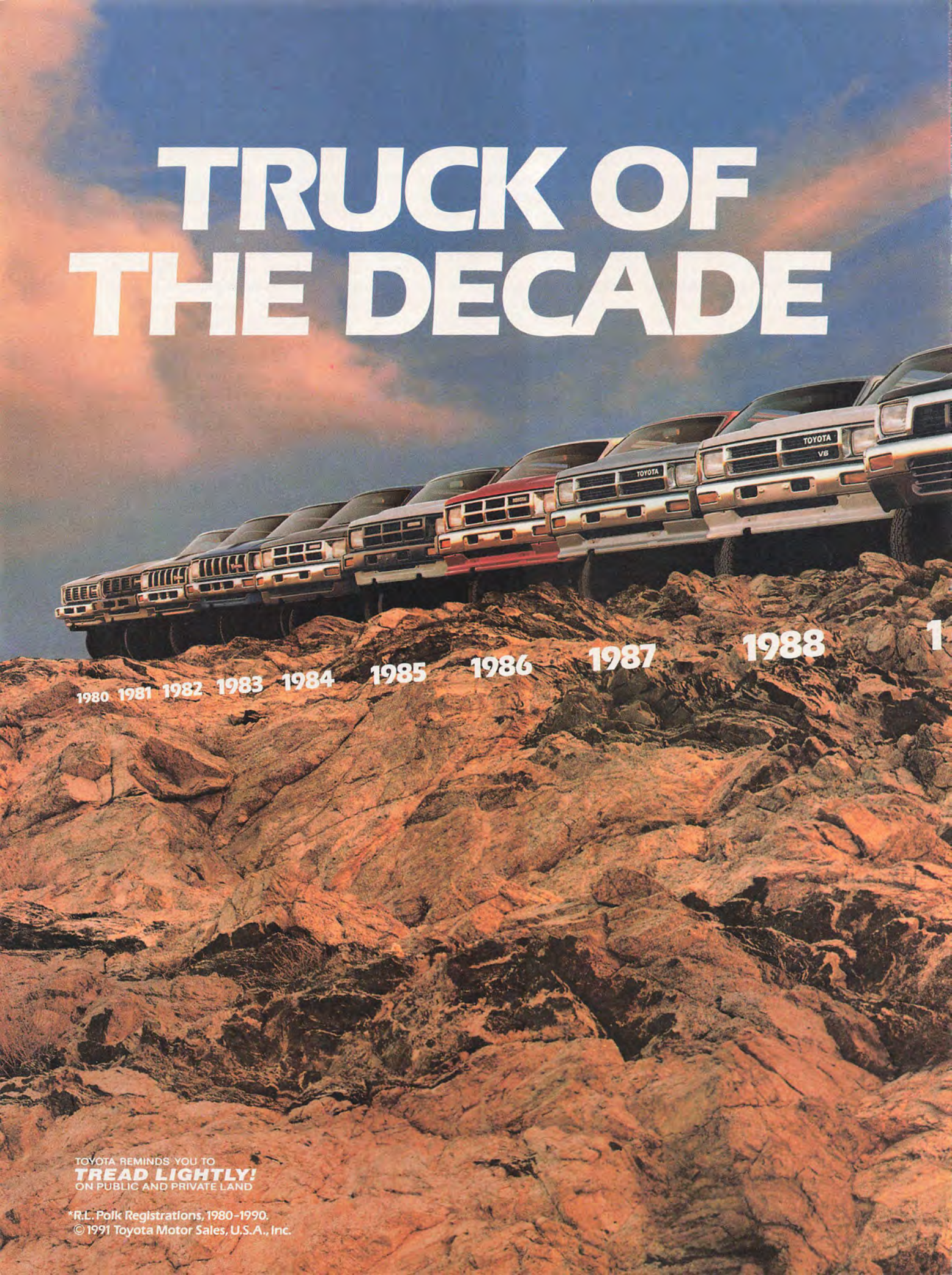

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Fly So Free remained ahead of the 3-year-old field by winning the Florida Derby

by WILLIAM F. REED

AS A BLUSTERY, OVERCAST AFternoon faded into evening last Saturday at Florida's Gulfstream Park, a handful of grooms and hotwalkers, mostly employees of trainer Scotty Schulhofer, watched Fly So Free, who an hour earlier had won the $500,000 Florida Derby, slowly being walked around the shedrow of Barn 9. Occasionally they slapped hands or muttered something complimentary, but nobody went so far as to pluck one of the 100 purple orchids from the huge horseshoe that had been awarded Fly So Free after his less-than-convincing, one-length victory. And nobody dared cut the cake that was sitting on the desk in Schulhofer's tack room office. They were waiting for the boss.

Here he came, finally, pulling his white Cadillac to a halt outside the barn. As Schulhofer climbed out of his car, somebody yelled, "There's the man with the plan!" And an exercise boy rushed out to give Schulhofer, a 5′ 7″ former steeplechase rider, a congratulatory hug. His wiry gray hair disheveled by the wind and his nose discolored by sunburn, Schulhofer allowed himself a small, tight smile as he strode into his office. "Why didn't you cut this cake?" he asked.

"Waitin' for you," somebody said.

Schulhofer lifted the cake out of the box and ordered the carton refilled with orchids to be given to Tommy Valando, the 68-year-old music publisher who owns Fly So Free, and his wife, Elizabeth. Then he headed down the shedrow to where Fly So Free was waiting to be scrutinized. Walking around the 3-year-old colt, Schulhofer ran his hand along the horse's right flank and seemed satisfied with what he saw. Fly So Free was none the worse for his 1⅛-mile trip, even though jockey Jose Santos had whipped him 18 times, beginning at the top of the stretch.

"The whipping was insignificant," Schulhofer said after completing his inspection. "I know, having ridden myself, that sometimes you're just getting into a rhythm, hitting a horse. But all you're trying to do is get him to running. It would be different if you were putting welts on the horse. But there's not a mark on him."

Earlier, Schulhofer had grown so testy when pressed by reporters about the whipping that he stalked out of the Gulfstream Park press box, leaving the assembled writers with this parting shot: "You reporters, you've just got to have something to write about, don't you?" This outburst was uncharacteristic of the 64-year-old Schulhofer, who's known for his quiet manner and easy smile, and it raised the question of whether he would be able to handle the intense pressure of Kentucky Derby week at Louisville's Churchill Downs, where "knock the favorite" is the media game of choice.

The truth was, even though Fly So Free got his fifth straight stakes victory on Saturday and ran his career record to seven wins in nine starts to remain the early Kentucky Derby favorite, he didn't do much to discourage his competition. His time in the Florida Derby, a dawdling 1:50⅖, was 3⅗ seconds off the stakes rec-

BILL FRAKES

Fly So Free (shadow roll) held off the charging Strike the Gold (far left) to win by a length.

ord set by Gen. Duke in 1957. He covered the last eighth of a mile in a slow 13⅕ seconds. And, yes, Santos did have to get after Fly So Free rather severely to hold off the challenge of Strike the Gold, a blossoming chestnut colt who's trained by Nick Zito and ridden by Craig Perret.

"We'll catch up to him someday," Zito promised after the race.

"We scared that s.o.b.!" crowed Perret. "Santos had to tear into his horse because I was riding down on him."

Strike the Gold ran the sort of race that was supposed to have come from the unfortunately named Jackie Wackie, who had developed a cult following while finishing first in nine consecutive races since Aug. 25. The first eight victories had come at Calder, a racetrack some 10 miles from Gulfstream that exists on a level somewhere between racing's major leagues and its bush tracks.

His awful name seemed to endear Jackie Wackie to the masses. And so did the fact that, as a gelding, he would never be beloved by the industry's blueblood breeders. Furthermore, there is his trainer, Oliver S. (Buddy) Edwards, who is black and weighs 310 pounds, down 80 as a result of dieting. Edwards is an amiable man who cheerfully admits to hating coats and ties. But whenever he mentioned the Kentucky Derby, as he often did before the Florida Derby, it sent shock waves through the racing establishment, ripples that must have caused Churchill Downs' twin spires to quiver.

In early January, Edwards had mentioned to Gulfstream racing secretary Terence Blair Meyocks that he might want some stalls for the Gulfsteam meeting. "He told me to forget about it," Edwards says. But after Jackie Wackie won the Tropical Park Derby on Jan. 13 at Calder, Gulfstream called to say, Hey, we were just kidding. "But I told them I'd stay put at Calder," Edwards says. "Jackie handles shipping real good, so I figured I'd just van him over." Which he did for the Feb. 14 Cryptoclearance Stakes, where a 2½-length victory convinced the skeptics that Jackie Wackie might be more than just a tacky name.

But Jackie Wackie wasn't a factor in the Florida Derby, struggling home seventh in the eight-horse field, much to the disappointment of his many fans. The early pace was set by the 41–1 long shot Shoot to Kill, with Fly So Free laying fourth and Strike the Gold dropping back to last. The fractions were a decent :22⅘ for the first quarter, :46⅘ for the half mile and 1:11⅗ for six furlongs.

Fly So Free, the 2–5 favorite, made his move leaving the half-mile pole, a little too soon to suit Schulhofer. He took the lead coming out of the turn for home, while Strike the Gold gobbled up horses and ground behind him. With an eighth of a mile to go, Strike the Gold, closing fast on the outside, got to within a half length of Fly So Free, but no farther. Responding to Santos's busy whip, Fly So Free held on to win by a length.

"He has a habit of waiting for his competition," Schulhofer said later. "I'm not nervous about that. Good horses have little quirks sometimes."

But is it just a quirk or a significant flaw? Will Fly So Free be able to indulge his habit and win when he meets the best of the West in Kentucky? And what about Meadow Star, the unbeaten filly who made her 3-year-old debut last Saturday at Aqueduct with an easy 4¾-length victory? If Fly So Free fails to win his final Kentucky Derby prep, the April 13 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, more convincingly than he did the Florida Derby, might not Meadow Star's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, who won the 1980 Kentucky Derby with the filly Genuine Risk, be tempted to let her run for the roses?

These were not the questions Schulhofer wanted to hear late Saturday afternoon. His colt had accomplished his mission and stayed on schedule. Wasn't that enough? Why couldn't the press let him sniff the orchids? And why couldn't victory, any kind of victory, be enough?

"So far, so good," Schulhofer said as he knocked three times on the wooden frame of his office door. Then he smiled and went inside. The cake was still waiting to be cut. ■

WRES With Success

Vince McMahon has transformed pro wrestling from a sleazy pseudosport to booming family fun | by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

IN 1954 THE FRENCH PHILOSOPHER ROLAND BARTHES produced a learned essay about the "mythology" of professional wrestling. Among other things, he wrote, "The virtue of wrestling is that it is the spectacle of excess. Here we find a grandiloquence which must have been that of ancient theaters. . . . Even hidden in the most squalid Parisian halls, wrestling partakes of the nature of the great solar spectacles, Greek drama and bullfights: In both, a light without shadow generates an emotion without reserve."

Which brings us directly to WrestleMania VII. For in the latest of the World Wrestling Federation's annual editions of mad, mad, mad myths-on-a-mat, we will indeed experience another spectacle of excess—unfortunately, however, minus the prescribed "light without shadow." The event will take place indoors in the Los Angeles Sports Arena this Sunday before a sellout crowd of 16,000. Originally, Spectacle of Excess VII was scheduled to unroll in all its absurd glory on the sun-drenched floor of the Los Angeles Coliseum before some 100,000 spectators. Due to the gulf war, the attendant fear of terrorism and the necessity of a complex (and expensive) security system to guarantee everyone's safety outdoors, a decision was made late in January to move the show into the Arena, and everything has been reduced in scale from gargantuan to pretty big.

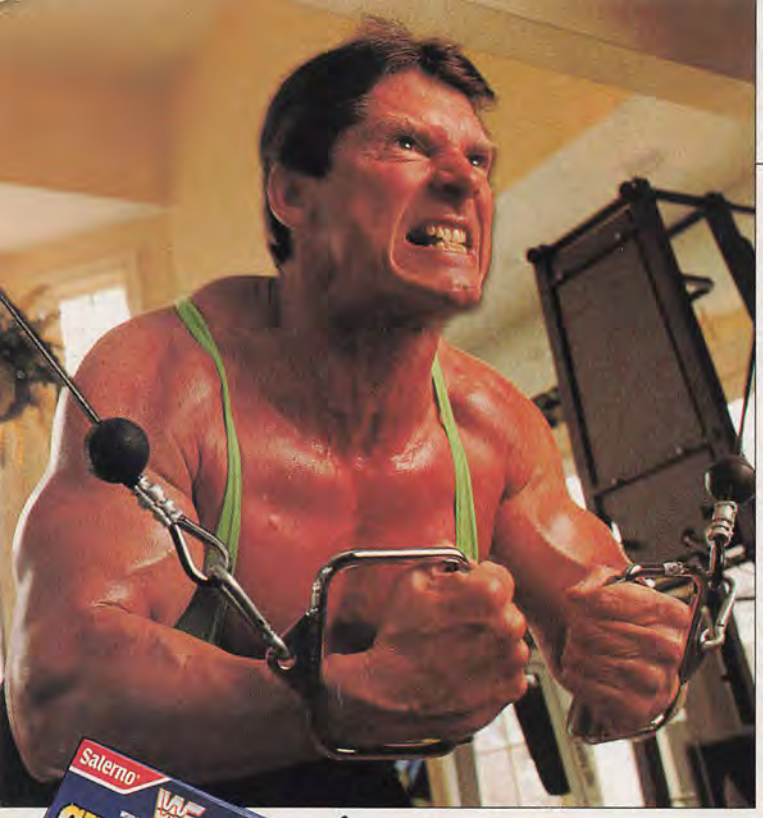
It is a shame, for revenue expectations at the Coliseum had been marvelously gross: a live gate of $3 million, novelty purchases of $1 million, food and beverage purchases of $750,000. These are totals that have been exceeded by no other Coliseum attractions save the 1984 Summer Olympics and the Super Bowl, which also happen to be the only other major sports spectacles pretentious enough to use Roman numerals to keep track of which is which. In the Arena, the gate for Wrestlemania VII will be about $750,000, novelties about $150,000 and edibles $100,000. However, audiences tuned in elsewhere are expected to produce $25 million in pay-per-view TV (at $29.95 per set), $500,000 from closed-circuit theater locations and $3 million from videocassettes.

Be it myth, sport, spectacle or simply wretched excess, pro wrestling has in recent years emerged from squalid halls and remodeled itself—up to a point. The current WWF version retains

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BALLENBERG

T L I N G

McMahon (center) and his troupe now compete with the likes of Disney.



McMahon pumps iron and pushes his WWF products (below) with the same ferocity.

the classic mythical images of wrestling—what Barthes called "the great spectacle of Suffering, Defeat, and Justice." But there is another kind of myth on display, an American business myth that has sprung from the brow of a huckster/genius who excels at the non-Greek arts of marketing, television production, merchandising and a unique type of cross-media promotion that combines comic-book hype with hard-core hokum to produce a showbiz package so flamboyant that it makes the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade look like a Russian funeral procession.

The man who has given birth to this garish package is a tall, bulging bodybuilder named Vincent K. McMahon, 44. To fans of the WWF, he is well known as one of the often clownish TV announcers who—in their hoarse efforts to describe what is going on in the ring—seem to sweat, bellow and suffer even more than the wrestlers themselves. But there is nothing clownish about Vince McMahon the businessman.

In 1988, *Forbes* estimated that McMahon was "easily a centimillionaire," and he has gotten even richer since then. The umbrella corporation that McMahon formed over WWF and its subsidiaries is called TitanSports, Inc. WrestleMania VII is only the iceberg tip of this unique $500 million corporate empire. TitanSports competes successfully in a wide variety of industries—including live entertainment, syndicated TV, pay-per-view TV, videocassettes, magazine publishing, catalog merchandise and children's toys. The corporation employs more than 300 people scattered throughout three different buildings in downtown Stamford, Conn. Next month, TitanSports will move into its brand new $10 million, four-story corporate headquarters, with the Stamford address of 1 Titan Tower: The facilities include a day-care center and a company restaurant.

The single most essential, and most amazing, reason for McMahon's success is that he not only has moved wrestling out of the grim, smoke-choked environments of its past but he also has turned it into high-gloss *family* entertainment. These days, WWF wrestling shows compete for audiences with the Ice Capades, the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, the Harlem Globetrotters and Walt Disney Productions.

Steve Allen once joked while broadcasting a wrestling match in the late 1940s, "Leone gives Smith a full nelson, slipping it up from either a half nelson or an Ozzie Nelson." And this is exactly what Vince McMahon has done: He has lifted this ugly old game to the top shelf of American *niceness* and launched it into its Ozzie Nelson Age.

If anyone was born to be a wrestling promoter, it was McMahon. His grandfather Jess was the boxing matchmaker at Madison Square Garden during the era of Tex Rickard and later worked as a wrestling promoter in New York and Philadelphia. His father, Vincent J., controlled wrestling over much of the northeastern U.S., from the 1950s until young Vince bought him out nine years ago.

Nat Frank, a language-busting old-style sports columnist for the Philadelphia *Observer*, wrote this paean to the elder McMahons in 1964: "It was Jess McMahon who held the unique distinction of having put together the initial series of punchfests marking the opening of the then new New York City's Madison Square Garden, the mecca of pugilism. After several seasons in Philadelphia, the powerful and idolized Jess McMahon returned to the Great Fight Way to continue his interest in staging the clouting cards. However, he added the sport of wrestling to his promotions. His chief aide was a son, Vince, who handled all of the details, made the rounds with his father. There was noticed the willingness of the McMahon offspring to learn more and more about the bone-bending art. He made mental notes, thought some of the ideas didn't quite jell with his opinions; but then and there he vowed he would go places in the grip-and-get-gripped field. To make a long story short (because of space limitations) this very same Vince McMahon is the recognized top man in all grappledom."

The young Vince admired the elder McMahons, too. Says Vincent K.: "In a game full of misinformation, my grandfather always told the truth. He was college-

The WWF's hokey wrestling shows are dubbed in seven languages and aired in 40 countries.

TOM BUCHANAN/WWF

educated and he kept office hours like a banker. He did business with some pretty tough customers, such as Frankie Carbo, but kept his integrity. My father did some boxing, too, and was more or less New York–based, then opened up in Washington and did wrestling and some rock 'n' roll back when that was first starting. He founded the WWF in 1963. My dad was a fabulous human being, fair and warm."

But times have changed and so have the McMahons. Vince went to East Carolina University, then worked for his father as a wrestling commentator on cable TV. In 1979 he bought the Cape Cod Coliseum in Yarmouth, Mass., which included a 5,000-seat hockey rink, where Atlantic Hockey League teams played in winter and rock bands played in summer. Ambitious and smitten with a then radical vision of marrying rock 'n' roll to rasslin', Vince bought out his father's stock in the WWF in 1982. Vincent J. died in 1984, but by that point his only son had declared war on the entire structure of American professional wrestling as it had been nurtured and loved by promoters since the turn of the century. "Had my father known what I was going to do, he never would have sold his stock to me," says Vincent K. "In the old days, there were wrestling fiefdoms all over the country, each with its own little lord in charge. Each little lord respected the rights of his neighboring little lord. No takeovers or raids were allowed. There were maybe 30 of these tiny kingdoms in the U.S. and if I hadn't bought out my dad, there would still be 30 of them, fragmented and struggling. I, of course, had no allegiance to those little lords."

In 1982, McMahon launched his first massive attack—not with a slogging ground war to capture live audiences from enemy arenas but with the cold, airborne eye of television. "My major step was television on a local basis," he says. "We already had our network in the Northeast and we started selling these shows to stations in other fiefdoms. In Chicago, in Los Angeles, the WWF brand of wrestling was something new. We had better athletes—more upscale and more charisma. The local guys were lazy. They weren't listening to the marketplace. We were so consumer-oriented. We never lifted our ears from the ground. We gave the public what it wanted. We broke the mold."

The WWF office has not only a TV studio but also a day-care center and a design facility.

McMahon's brilliant application of TV in all its forms—broadcast, cable, pay-per-view—was exemplary and ruthless. To place his shows regularly on important local stations in enemy territory, he used wads of money for ammunition, paying stations to carry WWF events, sometimes as much as $100,000 a year. It was expensive and risky, but once McMahon bought his way onto the local tube, the public began to respond to the WWF's jazzy shows. Today, TitanSports has 300 television affiliates across North America, which amounts to the largest syndicated TV network in the world. Some 20 million viewers watch regularly. WWF's weekly syndicated shows—*WWF Superstars of Wrestling*, *WWF Wrestling Challenge*, and *WWF Wrestling Spotlight*—rank third in audience draw behind *Jeopardy!* and *Wheel of Fortune*. TitanSports does 185 localized versions of each of those syndicated shows, which are dubbed in seven languages and sent to 40 countries. An NBC late-night show, *Saturday Night's Main Event*, is broadcast six times per season and is favored by fraternity men and yuppies.

WWF's use over recent years of pay-per-view television for its quarterly extravaganzas—the WrestleManias, Royal Rumbles, SummerSlams and Survivor Series—is the envy of the TV sports world. Those four shows have consistently succeeded better than all other pay-per-view programs, with the rare exception of superstar boxing matches with Sugar Ray Leonard or Mike Tyson. In 1989, four of the top eight pay-per-view shows in the U.S. were Titan productions, and last year Titan had four of the top five. In the decade or so that U.S. pay-per-view programming has been available, no single program has ever been sold to a million homes. But WrestleMania IV (at $19.95 per view) drew 909,000 homes and WM V (at $24.95) drew 915,000, while WM VI (at $29.95) drew 825,000. Lesser WWF extravaganzas for the past three years have averaged over 500,000 (at $19) per show. Recently, however, there have been signs that the frenetic fascination with pro wrestling is fading. Still, with prices per home at an average of $23, the payoff on even the lowest-priced, least-popular WWF event has been well over $8 million. The take from each WWF pay-per-view program is split among the local cable outlets and the WWF, which ends up with 50% of the pot.

Pay-per-view is potentially the richest TV treasure chest ever. Television people see it as the great money machine that might be able to finance big-time American sports in the coming years, after the networks' sports divisions have gone broke paying billion-dollar rights fees. Sports columnists have predicted for years that each of the 40 million houses tuned in to the Super Bowl will have to pay $50, and the NFL will reap $2 billion in one afternoon. The arithmetic is there, all right, but so far, the politics are not. Nor is all the technology. Nor is there a

public willingness to pay big bucks for what has so long been free.

Even as his TV empire was growing fatter with every match, McMahon was also running a complex national network of nightly *live* events. With a peripatetic troupe of some 60 wrestlers, eight referees and 10 publicists, the WWF put on in 1990 alone a total of 663 separate live events, spread over 191 different cities ranging from Yuma, Ariz., to Lake Charles, La., to Duluth, Minn.

To add another dimension to this logistical labyrinth, the WWF also uses its syndicated national TV shows to promote its local live events by inserting individualized promos into the tapes of the syndicated shows. This means that whenever a syndicated *WWF Superstars of Wrestling* show appears on Utica's Channel 33, it contains promos touting whatever WWF live card is coming to Utica next. Some 1,000 such tapes are sent out each month from the WWF's state-of-the-art TV production facility in Stamford.

Basil DeVito Jr., senior vice-president of marketing for Titan, says, "We are a hybrid—national in scope, but local in impact. The same TV stars you see on the tube come right to your hometown. Vanna White doesn't come to Peoria. The NFL doesn't come to Peoria. But Hulk Hogan comes to Peoria, in person! And unlike big league stars, WWF wrestlers are never in an off-season. Those guys are performing 350 nights a year."

The WWF's relentless warfare has all but destroyed its serious competition. Ted Turner has continued to operate the National Wrestling Alliance in Atlanta, to help fill time on his superstation WTBS. McMahon speaks of Turner's operation with undisguised condescension: "Ted has trouble with the wrestling genre. This is a highly specialized product—unique—requiring skills not available in normal marketing situations. Our competition is not from Ted, it is from the National Basketball Association, from big rock concerts, from Disney."

So we acknowledge McMahon as a master strategist who has conquered just about every bit of territory in grappledom. But in the course of obtaining this near monopoly, he has made radical changes in the esthetics, the ethics and, in effect, the very essence of pro wrestling as the world had previously understood it.

"The difference between Dad's and Granddad's day and my day is pure presentation," McMahon says. "There was too much emphasis on the sports element and not enough on entertainment in the old days. Now we call it sports entertainment. We don't want to de-emphasize the athleticism of wrestling; these are great athletes with great charisma. But in the WWF, entertainment is the key."

As everyone knows, the WWF's idea of entertainment is an often tasteless explosion of high-camp fun starring costumed buffoons the size of zeppelins who ride into an arena on waves of hilarious hype and deafening rock music. It is a unique mix of entertainment, ranging from Saturday morning cartoons to MTV and from Greek drama to bullfights.

Wildly popular as this form of wrestling has come to be, old-timers do not see WWF–style presentations as examples of the bone-bending art at its best. Lou

Home an hour early.

Thesz, 74, who retired from active wrestling in December, after a 55-year career during which he held championship belts in many different fiefdoms, is critical of the WWF. "McMahon's wrestlers aren't wrestling, they're putting on tumbling acts," he says. "On a scale of one to 10, McMahon gets a 9.5 for hype, music, presentation before the match. But after the bell rings, his shows don't rate above zero. He has raped wrestling."

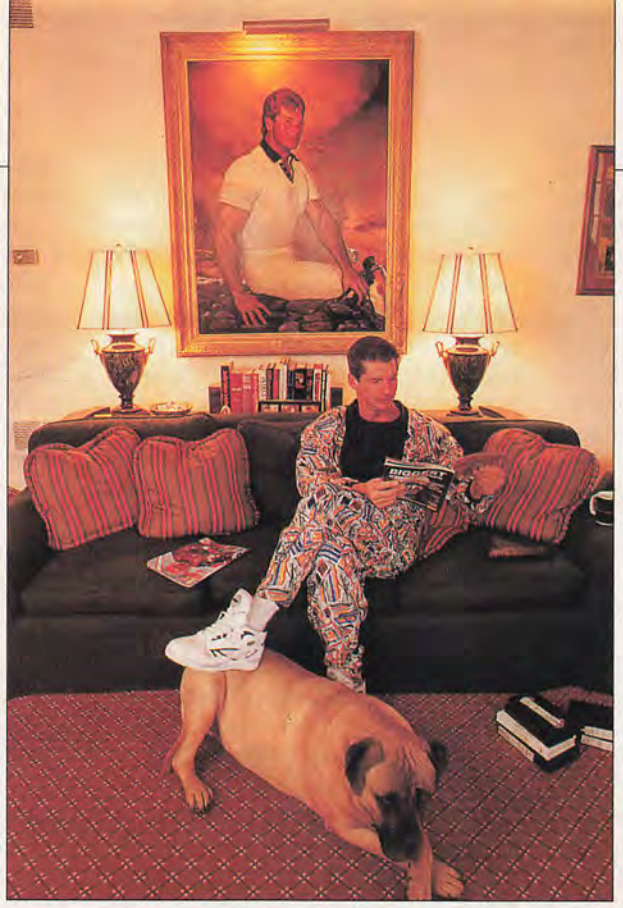
Even more troubling to many old loyalists and purists is the fact that the WWF declared publicly in February 1989 that pro wrestling is not a true sport. In a statement delivered by the WWF to the New Jersey Senate as it was about to vote on a bill that would remove wrestling from the jurisdiction of the state athletic commission (which levies a 10% surtax on profits from sports TV revenues), the WWF said that, henceforth, professional wrestling should be defined this way: "An activity in which participants struggle hand-in-hand primarily for the purpose of providing entertainment to spectators rather than conducting a bona fide athletic contest."

This admission was not big news to most people. As Roland Barthes put it so lucidly some 35 years ago: "The public is completely uninterested in knowing whether the contest is rigged or not, and rightly so; it abandons itself to the primary virtue of the spectacle. . . . This public knows very well the distinction between wrestling and boxing; it knows that boxing is a Jansenist sport, based on a demonstration of excellence. One can bet on the outcome of a boxing-match: with wrestling it would make no sense."

True enough. Yet, predictably, the WWF's stance—pragmatic as it was—was very disturbing to old-fashioned wrestlers and wrestling aficionados. Art Abrams, 68, a longtime wrestling photographer and currently the treasurer of the Cauliflower Alley Club, a Los Angeles–based organization that has 1,400 wrestling-oriented members, says: "A lot of our people don't like what Vince McMahon has done. They think he went against the code. They think he destroyed the mystique. Sure, these guys all admit in private that it's show business, but they have remained loyal to the credo that you never admit that openly. They all feel you lose the gladiator glamour when you call it entertainment only." Maria Bernardi, 65, a former women's champion who wrestled competitively for 26 years, says, sadly: "I never considered it anything but a sport. To call it entertainment alone is to take away the pride we once had in being wrestlers."

Lots of people rushed to tell McMahon after the New Jersey confession that he had effectively bankrupted the WWF because the world would now reject his shows and return to promoters who continued the fiction that it was all real mayhem. "The doomsayers were everywhere," recalls Steve Planamenta, WWF's media director, "but we did better business for the rest of that year than we ever did before."

In fact, McMahon's most sensitive critics, the men and women who book WWF events into America's stadiums and arenas, have only praise for his decision. John Urban, director of the Family Entertainment Division of Madison Square



McMahon and Bosley relax at home under a portrait of their hero.

Garden, which puts on eight or 10 WWF cards every year, says: "Once Vince moved past the big question—Is it real or not real?—they shook off the last vestiges of the old pro wrestling image. It became more respectable than ever. It used to be a cult—you either loved it or you despised it. People used to think, pro wrestling, *ugh*, Ice Capades, great. No more."

Peter Luukko, 31, until recently general manager of both the Los Angeles Coliseum and the Los Angeles Sports Arena (the Arena also puts on eight or nine WWF cards a year), says: "Wrestling always produced strong crowds, but it was often a very rough night—mostly males who were beer-drinkers and had a tendency to get into a lot of fights. That was as recently as seven or eight years ago. Vince not only called it entertainment, he made it over into *real* entertainment—rock music, hype, stars, lights—and that brought fans out of the closet from every age and economic group—teens, children under 10, film stars, attorneys, bankers and the blue-collar people who came before."

So attractive is the WWF approach that last year Luukko whipped up a formal—and very flattering—bid to convince McMahon that WrestleMania VII should come to the Coliseum. "We told him that we considered WrestleMania, the Olympics and the Super Bowl as equally great events," says Luukko. "And it wasn't just a sales pitch, we meant it."

Moving the big show from the Coliseum into the L.A. Sports Arena was a great disappointment. Luukko says that 16,000 tickets had been sold two months before the event: "That was an outstanding sale at that point. Now we are really in a bind, because the whole world wants tickets and we were just able to squeeze in the ones we had already sold for the Coliseum." At the time McMahon made the decision to move into the bunkerlike Arena, the gulf war was scarcely two weeks old and fears of terrorism were much sharper then than they are now. Also, the press was heavily critical of the WWF's current villain-champion, Sergeant Slaughter, who used to wave an Iraqi flag in the ring and employed an ostensible Iraqi loyalist, one General Adnan, as his manager. Some writers thought that Sergeant Slaughter's flagrantly unpatriotic behavior might create a dangerous atmosphere at WrestleMania VII, where he was slated to meet Hulk Hogan, the consummate American flag-waver.

Well, no one knows. But, as we have said, what goes on in Los Angeles this Sunday will be actually but a small portion of McMahon's vast enterprise. WWF realizes $200 million in annual sales of its own merchandise plus licenses. It has over 80 videocassettes on the market, and they have produced more than two million sales over the last five years; six cassettes have gone platinum (meaning 120,000 sales). Nonvideo items include WWF lunch boxes (licensed to Thermos); ice cream bars (Gold Bond); children's vitamins (Solaris Marketing Group, Inc.); and a great variety of video and board games and toys, including Wrestling Buddies (Tonka), which was the third-best-selling toy of the 1990 Christmas season.

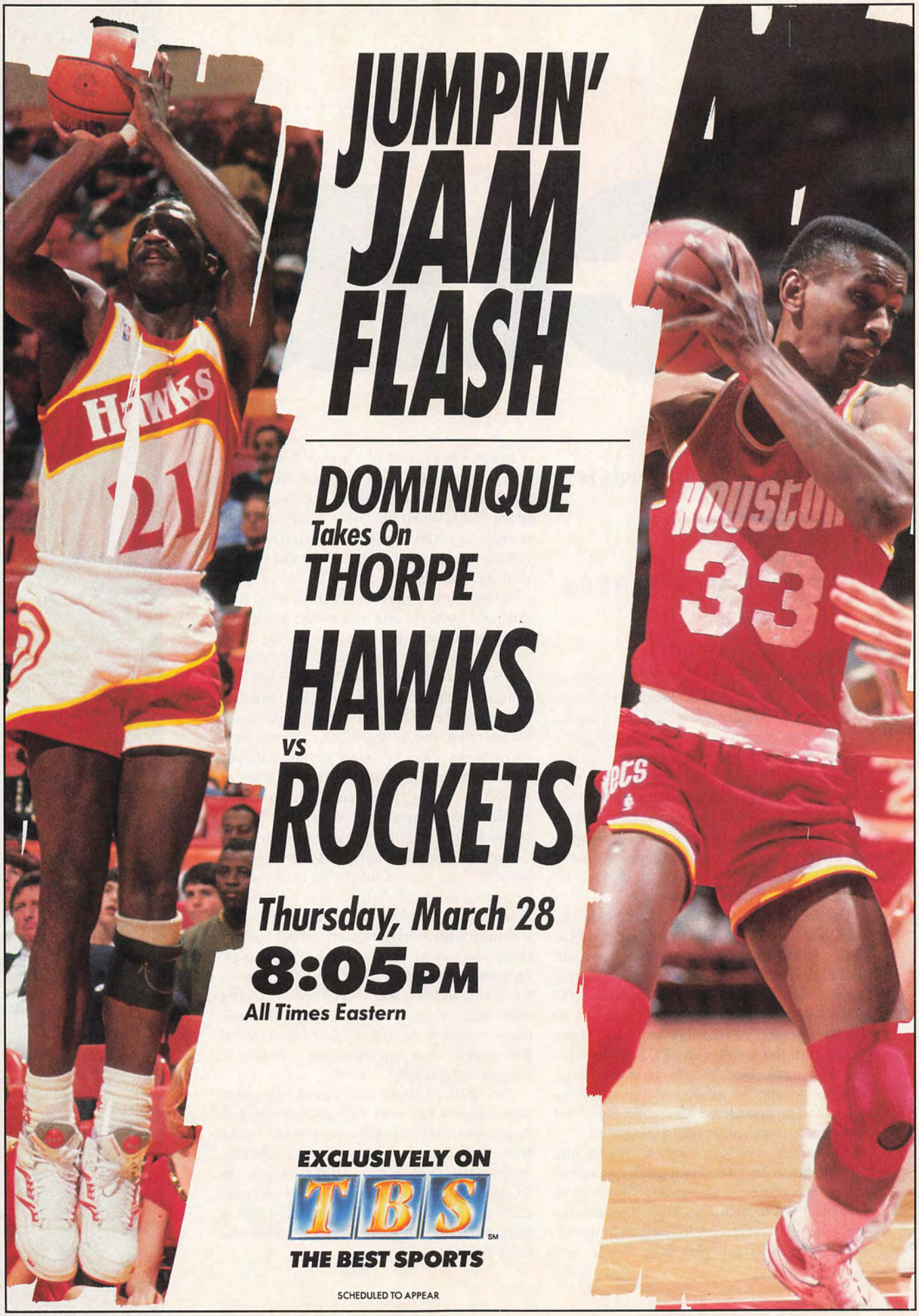
The *WWF Magazine*, a slick monthly publication given over entirely to hype, has a paid circulation of 350,000.

And there is more to come. McMahon is moving into bodybuilding. He has formed the World Bodybuilding Federation, the newest subsidiary to TitanSports, and he is prepared to move in with typical flair and grandeur. "We are defining bodybuilding in a much broader way," he says. "If you run or exercise or if you simply take a vitamin every day, that is bodybuilding. This is the market we are focusing on, and it is a big one. Also, the formal competitions are quite dull, and we intend to do them on a much grander, much more glamorous scale. TV and marketing are the keys."

Nevertheless, whatever flamboyant upheaval McMahon may visit on the hitherto arcane sport of bodybuilding, it is wrestling that he knows best. Having conquered the U.S. on almost every front, he is now eyeing the rest of the globe. The WWF has sent its various hulks, warriors and earthquakes on a number of successful foreign tours, and the time could be right for a major international expansion. "Anyone in any country can understand wrestling," says McMahon. "There is no rule book to master. It's not like hockey or soccer. It is as comprehensible in China as it is in Canada. Children love it. Our guys are role models for kids everywhere. These are guys you can take home to mom, even mama-san in Japan or mumsie in England."

Barthes concluded in his famous essay that there was a quasidivine quality to the grip-and-get-gripped set. "In the ring," he wrote, "wrestlers remain gods because they are, for a few moments, the key which opens Nature, the pure gesture which separates Good from Evil, and unveils the form of a Justice which is at last intelligible."

Vince McMahon would certainly agree that wrestlers are universal symbols. Indeed, his vision of the future does not even stop at the boundaries of the planet. "Who knows?" he says. "Someday we may hold WrestleMania on the moon. Full moon, full house. I can see it now." ■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THE BEST SPORTS
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Golf Cub

A mere 15, the precocious Eldrick (Tiger) Woods is already stalking the pros

BY TIM CROTHERS

STANDING IN THE PARCHED FAIRWAY on the par-5 18th hole at Los Serranos Country Club in Chino, Calif., last month, Tiger Woods needed a birdie. So, of course, he wanted an eagle. That's Tiger. He had a tight lie, slightly downhill, with barely any grass underneath the ball. He figured his second shot would have to travel 250 yards to clear the pond, another 30 yards to reach the green in two. But there was no way that anyone should hit a wood off that lie. Tiger grabbed a wood out of his bag.

On the 17th green, Tiger's caddie-daddy, Earl, had heard that veteran touring pro Mac O'Grady had finished at eight under par and that a seven-under score also had been posted. Tiger stood at six under. Only two of the 132 golfers who were at Los Serranos trying to qualify for the Nissan Los Angeles Open would gain the field for the PGA Tour event the next week. Earl Woods agonized about whether to apprise his son of the situation. Then, as Tiger pondered his second shot, Earl whispered, "Son, you've got to make birdie."

At the prematurely ripe age of 15 years, one month and 16 days, the ninth-grader was dead set on becoming the youngest golfer ever to play in a PGA tournament. Tiger wasn't thinking seven under. He was thinking eight under. He had come too far to play short.

Legend has it that at age two, Eldrick (Tiger) Woods shot a 48 on the back nine of the Navy Golf Course, in his hometown of Cypress, Calif. When his father senses an audit coming, he admits that his son played from the red tees and that every shot in the fairway was teed up. Uh-huh.

A year earlier Earl had told his wife, Kultida, and anybody else who would listen that Tiger would one day be a star on the PGA Tour. At the time, Tiger was dragging behind him a sawed-off putter instead of a rattle, and conceiving his swing by watching Earl fire five-irons into a net in the family garage. Although his attention span for strained carrots was little more than a spoonful, Tiger would sit quietly in his high chair studying his father's routine. He was a prodigy. "It was uncanny, the way he could emulate my swing," Earl says. "It was like looking at myself in a miniature mirror."

Earl, now 59, might have been a golf prodigy himself. Even though he couldn't tell the six-iron from the nine-iron, he shot a 91 for 17 holes the first time he played the game. He was a natural with a bright future, except for one thing—he was 42 years old. As a young man, Earl never thought much about golf. "I was a black kid, and golf was played at the country club—end of story," says Woods, who now plays to a three handicap. "But I told myself that somehow my son would get a chance to play golf early in life."

The result of Earl's vow, plus a well-intentioned phone call from Kultida, brought Los Angeles television sportscaster Jim Hill to the Navy Golf Course to view Tiger, a tiny diamond in the rough, not long before he shot the 48. Hill filmed Tiger playing a hole and concluded in his 1978 report, "This young man is going to be to golf what Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert are to tennis."

DAVID STRICK/ONYX

Tiger is built like a four-iron, but he packs a surprising wallop.

V.J. LOVERO

Giving it his best shot at Los Serranos, Tiger narrowly missed qualifying for the L.A. Open.

Connors? Evert? Remember, the kid was still in Pampers.

Hill's report transformed Tiger into a celebrity. A few months later, he appeared on *The Mike Douglas Show*, upstaging Bob Hope in a driving contest. At five, he was featured on *That's Incredible*.

Tiger was growing up in a hurry, and he was learning about more than golf. One day, at four, he was prohibited from playing at the Navy Golf Course because club management enforced a long-standing rule that children under 10 could not play the course. So Earl took his son to Heartwell Park Golf Club, a par-3 course in Long Beach, where Tiger developed what have become his strong suits—the irons, the short game and the Seve-esque ability to get out of trouble. Rudy Duran, the pro at Heartwell Park, watched Tiger hit all of seven shots before approving him to play there. "That was enough," says Duran, Tiger's coach from age four to 10. "I saw a kid who popped out of the womb a Magic Johnson or a Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He had talent oozing out of his fingertips."

At eight, Tiger won his first junior world championship, in the 10-and-under division, with a five-under-par final round at the par-3 Presidio Hills Golf Course in San Diego. By the time he was 14, he had won five age-group junior world titles, two more than any other golfer has won. With the trophies for those and more than 100 local junior titles, the Woods house contains more hardware than your neighborhood True Value Home Center.

"The other guys always ask me before the tournaments if Tiger is really as good as people say he is," says Notah Ryan Begay III, Tiger's close friend on the golf trail. "He has taken on a celebrity status, and most of the guys are afraid of him."

PGA professionals have also contracted the yips around Tiger. The kid played with 21 touring pros in a round at the Insurance Youth Golf Classic, a pro-junior event in Fort Worth last August. He shot 69 and beat or tied 18 of the pros, including Scott Verplank, Billy Mayfair and Tiger's playing partner, Tommy Moore. "I wish I could have played like that at 14," Moore said after the round. "Heck, I wish I could play like that at 27."

Tiger, at 15, plays to a plus-four handicap despite a still boyish 5′ 11″, 138-pound body. With a physique that is hardly more developed than a four-iron and an unquenchable thirst for practice, he frequently pushes himself to the limit of exhaustion. His current mentor is John Anselmo, the pro at Meadowlark Golf Club in Huntington Beach, whom Tiger visits twice a month for tune-ups. On road trips, which have included stops from Paris to Bangkok, Tiger is almost always chaperoned by his father, who retired in 1988 after 20 years in the military and 10 years with McDonnell Douglas. Team Tiger also includes San Diego sports psychologist Jay Brunza, who has taught the ferocious Tiger how to dial down his adrenaline during a round.

"Tiger shouldn't be portrayed as the Robo-Golfer," says Brunza. "He doesn't need motivation from anybody else; his is internal. I don't see him burning out, because golf is pure pleasure for him."

The game is also his ticket to a college education. Tiger, a freshman at Western High in Anaheim, has been fending off the advances of the country's premier college programs ever since he got his first letter from Stanford, at age 13. But can he resist the lure of the Tour when he is already humbling the pros? "I plan to get my degree first," he says, "and then tear up the Tour."

These are brash words from a kid who shaves with tweezers. "With Tiger, anything is possible," says Anselmo, who at 69 has seen golf supernovas come and go for 40 years and is not prone to hyperbole. "I kid his dad that Tiger is not his, but that he comes from another world. I just hope I live long enough to see what's going to happen. It's going to be amazing."

Tiger is reluctant to forecast his potential social impact. He knows that five years have passed since Calvin Peete became the last black golfer to win a Tour event. He is also aware that he could become the role model for a generation of golfers before he's eligible for his driver's license. But he resists being typecast as a racial pioneer. "I don't want to be the best *black* golfer on the Tour," Tiger says. "I want to be the best golfer on the Tour."

Earl doubles as Tiger's caddie (below), but then he's been urging him on since he was one.

V.J. LOVERO

Early in Tiger's round at Los Serranos, where the opening holes are long and offer birdie opportunities, it seemed ludicrous to think that he might play a pivotal golf shot on the 18th hole. On the first four holes, Tiger played like the teenager he is, hitting a tree from in the rough and two cart paths with tee shots, and it appeared he would wind up fourth in his foursome. But then he sank a pair of 15-foot birdie putts at the 6th and 7th holes and chipped in from 40 yards away for an eagle on the 8th. "Don't touch me, I'm burning up," Tiger told his father, his confidence restored.

He went on to save four pars with knee knockers of five feet or more. Then on the downhill, 504-yard par-5 16th hole he cracked a drive *344 yards*. Standing 40 yards behind Tiger in the fairway, as he had all day, Hogan Tour regular Brad Gallagher turned to his playing partner, Ron Hinds, and said, "This kid is *mean*." Hinds, the golf pro at Westlake Village (Calif.) Golf Course, would say later, "You try to avoid envy in golf, but that kid humbled all of us." Tiger pitched his ball onto the green with a nine-iron and two-putted for birdie.

Still, standing over that ugly lie in the 18th fairway, he needed one more miracle. He drew back the fairway wood and swung through, connecting with an awful thud. It was the sound that a weekend duffer hears when he has picked his head up. The ball took one skip on dry land before plunging into the drink. Tiger pulled the bill of his cap down over his eyes. He would finish with his only bogey of the day and a five-under-par 69, three strokes behind O'Grady.

An hour later Tiger sat alone in the parking lot, in the front seat of his father's Mustang, with his head buried in his hands and his thoughts on everybody but himself. What would his parents think? Or his 33-year-old half brother, Kevin, who would have caddied for him in the L.A. Open? He considered Brunza, who was surely thinking about Tiger even while stationed with the Navy in the Middle East. And there was something else.

Earl Woods and Nguyen Phong of the Republic of Vietnam army had fought side by side in 1970 and had saved each other's lives before Phong disappeared. Earl is convinced that his friend is still alive. He looked upon Phong as a man with the strength and the will of a tiger, and he called Phong by that name. When Eldrick was born, Earl nicknamed him Tiger, with the hope that "my son would be as courageous as my friend. I also hoped that someday, somehow, Phong would see the names Tiger and Woods together and make the connection."

These expectations are what Tiger couldn't bear to watch disappear when his ball plunked into the pond at Los Serranos. But he was soon cheered by the argument that if he qualified for the L.A. Open next year, he could still become the youngest golfer to play in a PGA tournament. Bob May, now an Oklahoma State senior, was 16 years, 3 months and 18 days old when he played in the Los Angeles Open in 1985.

COURTESY OF THE WOODS FAMILY

Tiger also took solace when he learned that his bid for an eagle on 18 was justified. At the end of the day, John Burckle, the leading money-winner on the 1990 Golden State tour, posted an eight-under 66 to tie O'Grady and gain the second spot in the L.A. Open. Tiger would have needed that eagle to force a playoff.

"Honestly, I felt myself rooting for him," Hinds said. "I was hoping he would get into the tournament so I could watch this awesome kid play against Kite and Crenshaw and those guys. After seeing Tiger play, you can't help but wonder what might have been."

Or what could be. ■

LEGAL NOTICE

IMPORTANT NOTICE REGARDING SETTLEMENT OF COLLUSION CASES

YOU MUST READ THIS IF YOU WANT TO FILE A CLAIM.

Major League Baseball Players Association
–against– The 26 Major League Clubs *Grievance Nos. 86-2, 87-3 and 88-1 (Collusion I, II and III)*

NOTICE BY PUBLICATION TO ALL CURRENT AND FORMER MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL PLAYERS WHO PLAYED DURING THE COLLUSION YEARS

PLAYERS AFFECTED: If you are a current or former player and believe you may have a claim in connection with the settlement of the collusion cases, and if you have not already received a copy of the Proposed Framework for the Evaluation of Individual Claims, **PLEASE READ THIS NOTICE CAREFULLY.** This Notice will explain how you can obtain a copy of the Proposed Framework, and how you you can file a claim.

THE LITIGATION: The Major League Baseball Players Association ("MLBPA") alleged in the "Collusion" cases (Grievance Nos. 86-2, 87-3 and 88-1) that the 26 Major League Clubs engaged in collusion against Major League free agent players following the 1985, 1986 and 1987 seasons, in violation of the collective bargaining agreement (the "Basic Agreement") between the MLBPA and the 26 Major League Clubs. The arbitrators found, as the MLBPA alleged, that the clubs' collusion affected players during the collusion years, and in years beyond 1988.

THE SETTLEMENT AGREEMENT: The MLBPA, in its capacity as the exclusive collective bargaining representative for Major League Baseball players, reached a Settlement Agreement in the collusion cases with the 26 Major League Clubs on December 21, 1990. The Agreement requires the Clubs to pay $280 Million to the MLBPA on behalf of those players who suffered legal injury with respect to the 1986, 1987, 1988 and later seasons as a result of the Clubs' collusion.

The Agreement constitutes final and binding resolution of all such claims, including all claims for: (1) lost salary; (2) lost special covenants, such as signing bonuses; performance and award bonuses; trade limitation provisions; and option buy-outs; (3) lost multi-year (or longer multi-year) contracts; (4) lost contract extensions or options exercised; (5) lost employment; (6) other non-salary claims, such as loss of Major League Service, etc.; (7) interest, both pre-Settlement and post-Settlement; and (8) all other claims for consequential damages, to the extent that such claims were or could have been brought under the Basic Agreement.

DISTRIBUTION OF SETTLEMENT MONEY. The Settlement Agreement provides that the neutral arbitrators who decided the collusion cases, Thomas T. Roberts and George Nicolau, will finally determine how the settlement fund will be distributed, following a two-step process. In each step of the process, the MLBPA will propose a course of action, and each player will have a full opportunity to object if he is dissatisfied with any aspect of the MLBPA's proposal. At each step, the arbitrator(s) will conduct an independent review and then issue a decision that is final and binding on all players, the Clubs and the MLBPA.

In the first step, as required by the Settlement Agreement, the MLBPA is required to formulate and to distribute a proposed "Framework for the Evaluation of Individual Player Claims". The purpose of the proposed Framework is to set forth a fair procedure for determining how claims of individual players will be made and evaluated, and to ensure that the fund is distributed to the injured players as quickly as possible. This proposed Framework was distributed by the MLBPA during the week of February 11, 1991. If you are a current or former player and you did not receive a copy and you want one, please call or write the MLBPA's office.

You have the right to object to any portion of this proposed Framework and the merit of all such objections will be heard and decided by the arbitrators. **ALL OBJECTIONS TO THE PROPOSED FRAMEWORK MUST BE MADE IN WRITING AND MUST BE RECEIVED BY THE MLBPA ON OR BEFORE APRIL 15, 1991.**

Once a Framework is approved by the arbitrators, the MLBPA is required to begin **the second step** in the distribution process, which is the evaluation of individual player claims. Pursuant to the Settlement Agreement, the MLBPA is required to evaluate the individual player claims and to recommend a proposed Distribution Plan. Players will have the right to object again at this second step, but such an objection will be upheld only if the principles and criteria set forth in the approved Framework have not been followed in the proposed Distribution Plan. The arbitrator, and not the MLBPA, will ultimately decide how much money, if any, each individual player claimant will receive from the settlement fund.

HOW TO FILE A CLAIM: In order that the MLBPA can formulate a proposed Distribution Plan for the settlement money, it **must** receive claims from you. Claims forms ("Claims Questionnaires") will be mailed out by the MLBPA by March 15, 1991. The only way you will be permitted to file a claim is by fully completing a Claims Questionnaire and returning it to the MLBPA's office by May 20, 1991, absent good and substantial cause. Please contact the MLBPA if you do not receive a Claims Questionnaire from the MLBPA by March 15, 1991.

If the MLBPA does not receive a fully completed Claims Questionnaire from you (or your certified agent) by May 20, 1991, absent good and substantial cause: YOU WILL LOSE YOUR RIGHT TO FILE A CLAIM; AND YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE ANY OF THE SETTLEMENT MONEY.

ASSISTANCE: Please contact the MLBPA at 805 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, Phone: (212) 826-0808 if you need any additional assistance or information.

INSIDE

Baseball

by TIM KURKJIAN

AP

When Jackson's hip failed to heal, K.C. gave him his walking papers.

Bo Goes

On Monday evening, Kansas City Royals general manager Herk Robinson made the stunning announcement that K.C. was placing outfielder Bo Jackson on waivers for the purpose of giving him his unconditional release. Even after days of speculation about Jackson's health and future, few had foreseen such an extraordinary—and sad—turn of events. At his news conference, Robinson made it clear that the decision was both a medical and an economic one.

Jackson, that most celebrated of two-sport athletes, injured his left hip while playing for the Los Angeles Raiders in a Jan. 13 NFL playoff game. At first, it was thought that the injury wasn't serious, but according to Royals team physician Dr. Steve Joyce, Jackson has since suffered an alarming loss of cartilage in the hip joint. In his announcement, Robinson said that the latest physicians' reports were "certainly far more serious than we had hoped, for our sake and for Bo's." Jackson's own doctor, Dr. James Andrews, a Birmingham, Ala., orthopedic specialist, was slightly more optimistic, indicating the possibility that Jackson could return to baseball after the All-Star break.

By releasing Jackson on or before March 19, the Royals are obliged to pay him only one sixth of his $2.45 million salary for 1991. Said a source in the Kansas City organization, "This was a no-brainer. It was the only sound business decision to make based on the facts. Bo may not have a whole lot of baseball left—though we can't say he won't play again."

Whether he will ever play again—and at what level of skill—was what the 25 other major league teams quickly began to ponder. Assuming that Jackson clears waivers in the period ending Friday (if he were claimed, the new team would have to pick up his full contract), he can negotiate a new contract with any other club. Given his talents and his enormous drawing power, everyone in baseball began Monday to play the guessing game: Who would roll the dice? And at what price?

It's Only Money

It may be hard to believe, but not every free agent got rich this winter. Some who put up decent numbers last year are still home, waiting for the phone to ring.

"A lot of teams ran out of money," says Brewers general manager Harry Dalton, explaining why baseball's early winter spending spree fizzled out in January. "There's so much pressure to retain stars and to acquire the big-name free agents. You commit what you can, then you run out of room on your payroll."

The biggest losers were part-time players. Instead of paying $1 million for a veteran fourth outfielder or a backup infielder, many general managers decided to go with young players, whom they are paying little more than the $100,000 major league minimum. Not all the victims were part-timers, however. Case in point: Candy Maldonado. As a regular outfielder-DH for the Indians last season, Maldonado was one of only five American League players who had at least 22 homers and 95 RBIs. Last season, Maldonado was seeking a three-year deal from the Indians reportedly worth at least $6 million. Even though Cleveland is woefully short of power, in December general manager Hank Peters offered him only a one-year, $1.4 million contract, plus an option for another year. Maldonado rejected the deal and started talking with other teams, but the best he could do was get an invitation to the Brewers' camp.

"Sure, we wanted him," says Peters, "but he wanted substantially more than we wanted to pay. He overestimated the level of interest. I asked other people in baseball why they didn't have much interest in him. They said they were afraid of giving him a multiyear deal."

Maldonado, 30, is still haunted by the two-year contract he signed with the Giants after the 1987 season, when he hit 20 home runs and drove in 85 runs. The next two years he averaged 10 homers and 54 RBIs. "That's just an excuse," says Maldonado, who will probably wind up with a one-year, $875,000 contract from Milwaukee after getting off to a strong start in spring games. "If the Indians can't pay, they're not going to bring a winner there. This isn't the movie *Major League*. You have to pay to win."

Another righthanded-batting outfielder who didn't draw much interest is Phil Bradley. A lifetime .286 hitter, Bradley batted .256 for the Orioles and White Sox in 1990. After getting no off-season offers, he signed a one-year, $2 million deal with the Yomiuri Giants in Japan.

Mickey Tettleton, 30, a switch-hitting catcher who had 41 homers over the last two years for the Orioles, hoped to get a contract similar to the three-year, $6.75 million deal that free-agent catcher Darren Daulton signed with the Phillies

in November. "I thought the Daulton deal would help, but it hurt," says Tettleton. "It was as if people said, 'Daulton's overpaid; we can't pay you that much.' " Tettleton drew little interest as a free-agent and accepted an offer of arbitration from the Orioles. In January, Baltimore traded him to the Tigers, who signed him to a one-year, $1.6 million contract.

That $1.6 million looks pretty good to those free agents looking for work. Among them are Jeffrey Leonard, 35, who knocked in 75 runs as an outfielder-DH for the Mariners last year; Angels DH Brian Downing, 40, who batted .345 against lefties in 1990; and Reds infielder Ron Oester, 34, who hit .299 last year.

First Things First

It's hard to figure how some teams choose a leadoff man. The Blue Jays, for instance, have been trying centerfielder Devon White in the No. 1 spot despite his career on-base average of .295. Why not use second baseman Roberto Alomar, who hit .364 as a leadoff man for the Padres last year? The answer is that White told Toronto manager Cito Gaston that he is more comfortable batting leadoff. So Alomar is hitting second.

The Royals are using centerfielder Brian McRae at the top of the order, even though he picked up only nine walks in 168 at bats in 1990. The Giants are trying second baseman Robby Thompson, who has averaged 109 strikeouts over the last five years. And the Pirates have even experimented with centerfielder Andy Van Slyke, who has never batted first in his eight professional seasons.

Battle of the Bulge

How did Tiger first baseman Cecil Fielder spend the off-season? Certainly not at a Weight Watchers clinic. Fielder looks even heavier this spring than he did last season, when he tipped the scales at more than 240 pounds. And recent actions by Detroit manager Sparky Anderson indicate that he's not too happy about the situation.

The first hint came last Saturday when the Tigers moved their top prospect, first baseman Rico Brogna, from minor league camp to major league camp—an odd move considering that players usually go the other way at this time of year. As soon as Brogna arrived, Anderson started him at first base.

The second indication came on Sunday after Fielder, the DH, drew a leadoff walk in the second inning against the Rangers. Even though Fielder has never stolen a base in his five years in the majors, Anderson gave him the steal sign twice with a 3–2 count on Mickey Tettleton. After fouling off the first pitch, Tettleton struck out on the next one. Fielder got only halfway to second on his steal attempt, then turned back toward first and was tagged out. "I just wanted to let Cecil get his body moving," said Anderson.

Thus Spake Sparky

Fielder's weight isn't the only thing that worries Anderson. He's also concerned about Boston's frightening lineup, which now includes designated hitter Jack Clark. Playing in Fenway Park, Clark, who bats righty, is virtually assured of tying Bobby Bonds's mark of hitting 25 homers in a season for five different teams. "The Red Sox will be extremely hard to beat," says Anderson. "With all the money they spent [$70 million in the off-season], they better win, or someone will get killed." . . . Even before hearing that Brewers ace Teddy Higuera would be out indefinitely with a rotator-cuff injury, one American League East general manager said, "How could they give him a four-year contract?" For all his talent, Higuera, who signed a $13 million deal in December, has been hurt three years in a row. The Brewers' Dalton is at a loss to explain his team's staggering spate of injuries. Since 1988, Milwaukee players have spent a total of 2,393 days on the DL—60% more than the major league average. . . . Rookie Eddie Zosky could very well edge out veteran Manny Lee for Toronto's starting shortstop job. The Blue Jays love Zosky's enthusiasm on and off the field. As he knelt at the altar during his Feb. 2 wedding, those in attendance saw the word BLUE painted on the sole of his left shoe and JAYS on the right one. "My best man did it," says Zosky. "Well, it was better than GET ME OUT OF HERE." ■

The Tigers are nervous about the ever-expanding Fielder and may be hedging their bets in case he has trouble slimming down.

JOHN IACONO

Real Fire Brands

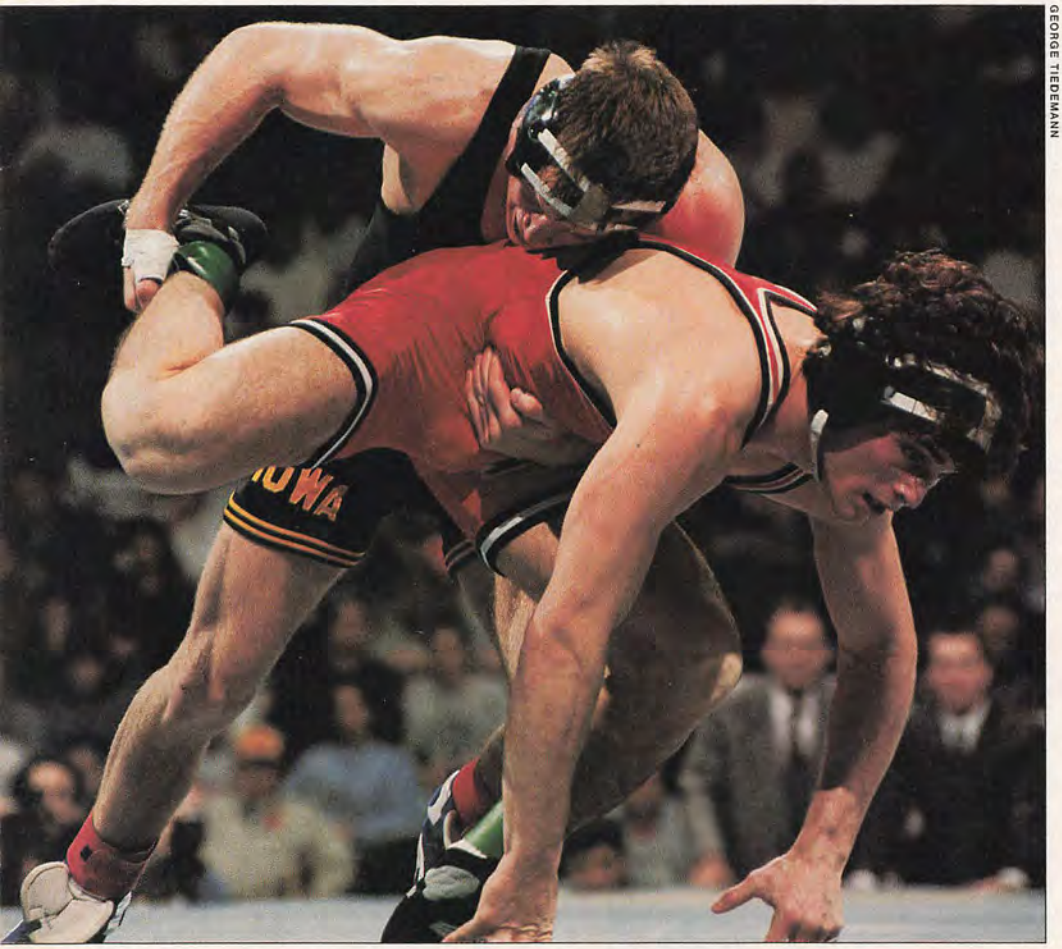
Iowa won the NCAA title with the help of the cantankerous Brands brothers | by MERRELL NODEN

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

TOM BRANDS SAT IN THE LOCKER room at Iowa's Carver-Hawkeye Arena last Saturday night and strained to hear sounds that weren't there. "It wasn't as loud as it should have been," Brands, a 134-pound junior wrestler for Iowa, later said. Since the crowd of 13,233 that packed the arena for the 61st NCAA wrestling championships included plenty of Iowa fans, Brands knew what that meant: His twin brother, Terry, was losing his final-round match to Nebraska's Jason Kelber.

It was a good thing Tom didn't know more. The 126-pound match ended with Kelber winning decisively, 10–5. Terry refused to shake Kelber's hand; instead, he slapped at it derisively. The crowd booed Terry, and the referee subtracted a point from Iowa's team total for unsportsmanlike conduct. It was Tom's turn to try to win the Hawkeyes' first individual title of the meet.

The team championship had already been decided. By the end of Friday night's semifinals, Iowa had an insurmountable 136 points, 43.75 more than two-time defending champion Oklahoma State, which was in second place. This was Iowa's best performance in the NCAAs since 1986, when the meet was last held in Iowa City. That year's Hawkeyes may well have been the greatest collegiate wrestling team ever assembled. Five of the eight wrestlers who qualified for the tournament won titles, and the Hawkeyes amassed a meet-record 158 points, still the NCAA record. The team crown was Iowa's ninth in a row, tying the Hawkeyes with Yale in golf (1905–13) and Southern Cal in track (1935–43) for the most consecutive national championships.


GEORGE TIEDEMANN

But with success came complacency. "We had too *much* talent," says Iowa coach Dan Gable of the '86 Hawkeyes. "Those guys didn't have to work as hard, and new people came in and picked up that [lack of] work ethic."

The Hawkeyes became so cocky that they went through the 1987 season wearing huge black X's—the Roman numeral 10—on their uniforms. Those X's became woes at the NCAA tournament, where Iowa State beat Iowa 133–108. Three more years passed without the team winning a championship.

Gable takes much of the blame for his team's slide. "There were things I needed to change," he says. "Even with the best company in the world, you have to make adjustments. I had always looked to the future. All of a sudden, I was thinking about the past."

By his own admission, Gable needed a jolt. He got one from the Brands, twin terrors from Sheldon, Iowa. "The Brands brought back my intensity," says Gable.

No wonder. These are Fire Brands. They wrestle with the single-mindedness

A familial intensity lifted Tom Brands (top and left) to a win in the final over Fried (in orange).

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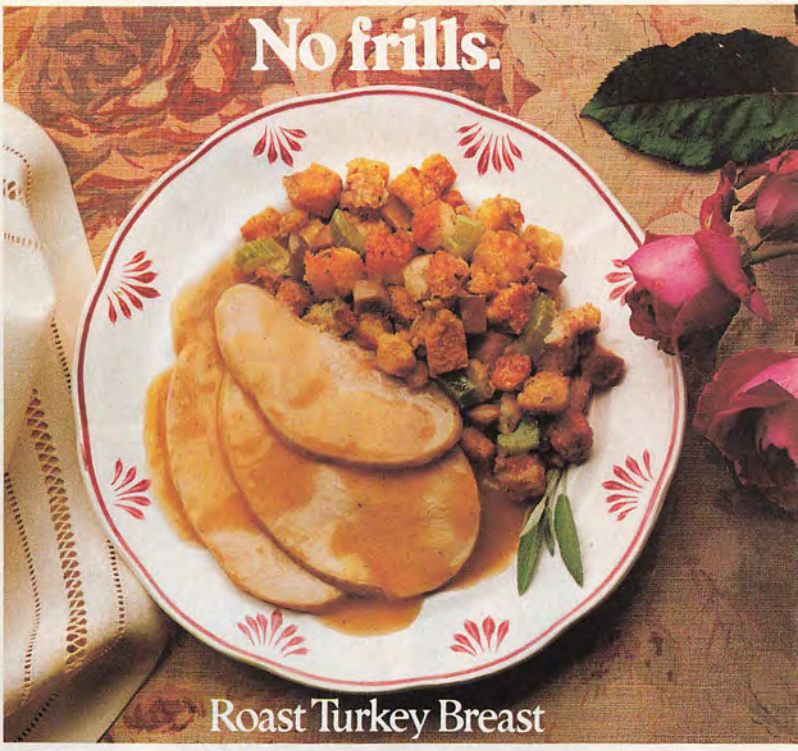

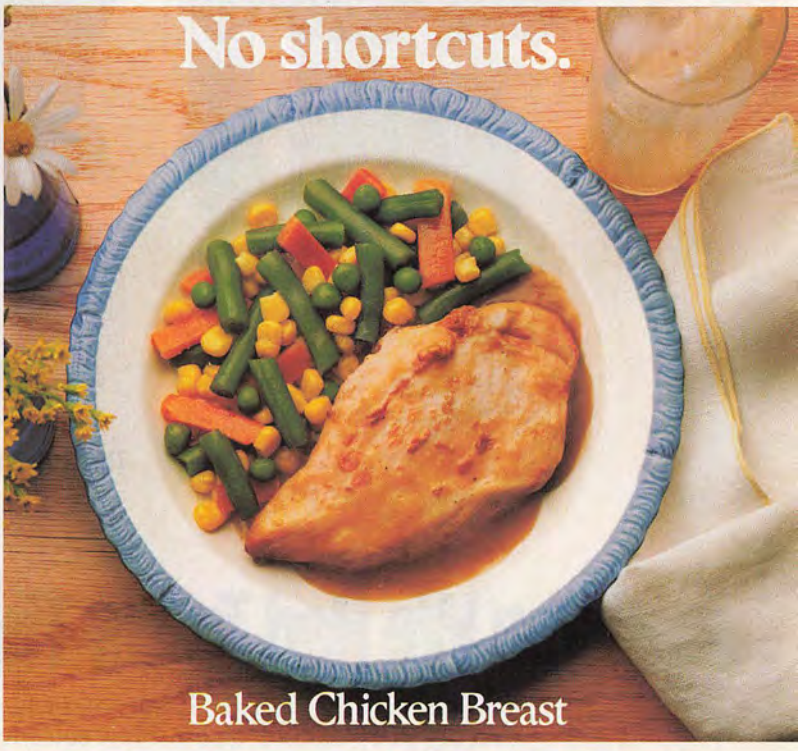

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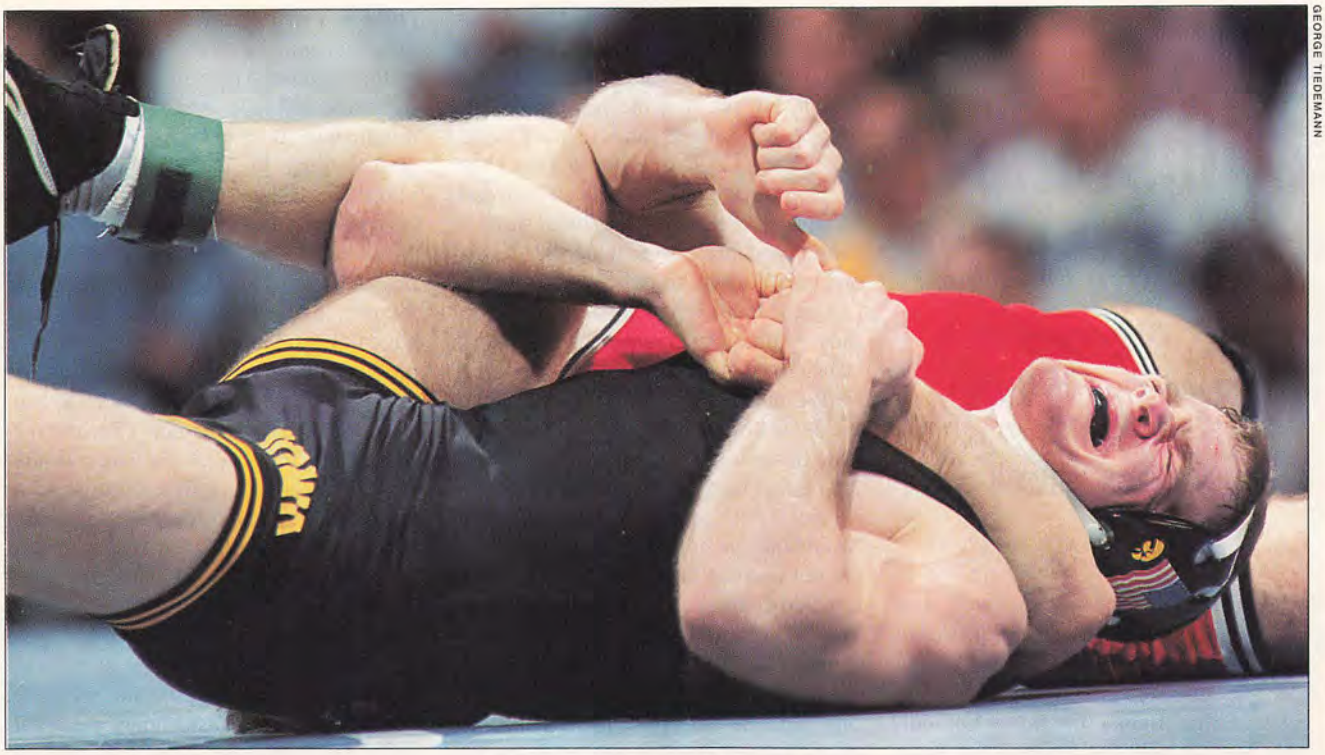


GEORGE TIEDEMANN

After being outpointed by Kelber (in red), Terry Brands got himself both booed and penalized.

of pit bulls, handling opponents with contempt as well as muscle. Tom got so frustrated with one rival's stalling earlier this season that he sat down in the middle of the mat and taunted him by saying, "Come on. Jump on me."

"I'm not by any means a favorite [of opponents]," said Tom with a smile, after an action-packed 33–19 win over Michigan's Joey Gilbert in the semifinals.

Gilbert agreed. "We don't like each other," he said. "Maybe it's because I don't take his crap—his pushing and slapping—like a lot of other guys do."

"Among other wrestlers, Tom Brands is known as a cheap-shot wrestler," says Oklahoma State assistant coach John Smith, a former Cowboy star who last week became the first wrestler to win the Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete. "But I don't think it's purposefully done. The kid is so intense, he doesn't control his emotions. If you have that kind of intensity, you're almost a violent person when you step to the mat. I enjoy watching both the Brands. If they were out on the street somewhere, you wouldn't want to face them. Here, at least, you're under some rules."

That didn't help Cowboy freshman Alan Fried, who faced Tom in the final. At the start, though, Tom looked tight, and Fried scored first with a takedown. But Tom hammered away. "I could hear him grunting under me," said Tom. "I knew I could last longer than he could." Tom scored a decisive takedown in the second period and, with a one-point bonus for riding time, won 5–3.

Afterward, Tom's voice cracked repeatedly when he considered his brother's defeat. "You never forget the pain of losing," he said. Someone mentioned that Terry had suffered a near pin. "Terry did?" said Tom incredulously. "Ah, geez. Let's not talk about my brother."

One Hawkeye, though, fared more like Tom than Terry. In the 167-pound division, junior Mark Reiland, Iowa's last remaining finalist, faced Kevin Randleman of Ohio State. Reiland, who had missed last year's NCAA meet with a broken jaw, was nearly flawless. Leading 6–2 as the second period was running out, he caught Randleman on his back. "Mark elongated Randleman's neck, making his head go down," said Gable. The result was a fall, with one second remaining in the second period.

Reiland's win gave the Hawkeyes 157 points—one unsportsmanlike conduct penalty point shy of the record. Gable, who got his 10th championship with a team that doesn't have a single senior, didn't seem to mind. "The Brands aren't the happiest losers," he said. "They aren't good losers. That's why they're good."

Indeed, the same can be said for a number of Hawkeyes. A renowned motivator, Gable constructs little time bombs of emotion. They don't always explode in joy. After losing 14–0 to Jeff Prescott of Penn State in the final of the 118-pound division, Chad Zaputil blew up. John Coyle, the NCAA official who drew the unenviable assignment of getting the losers to sign out, described Zaputil's departure delicately. "He went up to his locker at a high rate of speed," said Coyle. There were bloodstains on the sign-out sheet after Coyle got Zaputil to sign, and one can imagine that the wrestler's locker looked as bad as his hand.

Later, Hawkeye Troy Steiner lost 8–7 to West Virginia's Scott Collins for the 142-pound title and went behind a partition and wailed for 10 minutes.

Gable found encouragement in such anguished reactions. "I don't want them to forget them [the losses]," he said, adding that he has considered having videos made of such scenes. "You remember the pain as long as you can." ■

A Sky-high Milestone

Relentless Sergei Bubka broke the magic 20-foot pole vault barrier in a meet in Spain

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

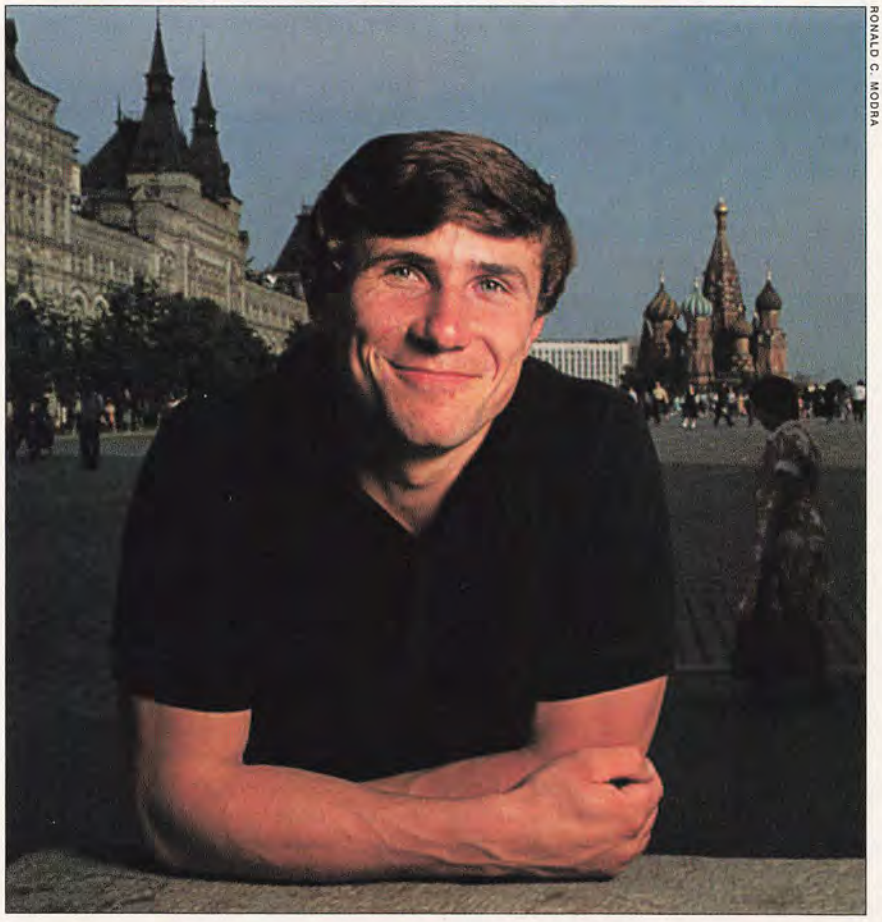
THE BAR WAS LIFTED TO ITS NEW height, and 5,000 spectators began to stamp their feet in the Anoeta Sports Palace in San Sebastián, Spain. Sergei Bubka, the husky Ukrainian, raised his pole and began to trot down the runway, slowly at first, then faster. The 5,000 began to clap. Bubka exploded into a mighty sprint, and the 5,000 began to yell. He reached the pit, planted the pole, lifted himself and seemed coiled near the end of the perilously bent shaft. As the pole straightened, he rose upward as if he were riding the tidal wave of sound, and then he flew across the bar and fell to the cushions below.

A pole vaulter had cleared 20 feet for the first time. An elated Bubka said later: "The crowd made all the difference. They were fantastic. This is my special gift to the people of the United States and I dedicate this record to them."

The feat took place last Friday night in a coastal city in the Basque region of Spain, and the notion of breaking 20 feet did not whip up the crowd as much as the fact that Bubka, 27, was about to break a world record for the 22nd time in his dazzling career. To the vast majority of people on this planet, meters are the measure, and Bubka broke the last historic metric barrier when he cleared 6.0 meters (19′ 8¼″) in 1985. But Americans have long been hooked on the idea of their own round-numbered records as the standards for track-and-field greatness: the four-minute mile, the eight-foot high jump, the 30-foot long jump, the 60-foot triple jump, etc. Bubka's breaking the 20-foot barrier made the front page of *The New York Times*, but European newspapers dealt with that vault as just another world record: this one at 6.10 meters, which edged Bubka three quarters of an inch past his last record of 6.08 meters (19′ 11¼″), which he set on Feb. 9 at Volgograd in the Soviet Union. (For the record about Bubka's records: The 6.10-meter vault is the official International Amateur Athletic Federation indoor world record, which is different from the outdoor world record of 6.06 meters—19′ 10½″—set by Bubka in 1988.)

Nevertheless, in the world of pole vaulting, round-numbered footage has always carried its own special mystique. Perhaps this is because Americans dominated the event for a full half century, from 1912—when the IAAF began keeping official world records and credited Robert Gardner as the first person to soar over 13 feet (3.98 meters)—until 1970. In between came the legendary Cornelius Warmerdam, who electrified track-and-field fans in 1940 when, using a stiff bamboo pole, he broke the 15-foot barrier—a seemingly superhuman feat back then. Warmerdam subsequently cleared 15 feet 42 more times before retiring in 1944, and nobody else reached that height until 1951. It wasn't until 1962 that John Uelses of the United States cleared the 16-foot mark, and the next year his countryman John Pennel broke the 17-foot barrier.

In the current age of the springing fiberglass pole, the marks have fallen more quickly, but no one has dominated the sport quite like Warmerdam—until Sergei Bubka. Born in the bleak coal-mining town of Voroshilovgrad in the Ukraine, the son of a Red Army sergeant, Bubka was a natural athlete (10.2 in the 100-meter dash, nearly 26 feet in the long jump) who was lucky enough to come in contact with Vitaly Petrov, a pole vaulter and coach. Petrov taught him all he knew and



RONALD C. MODRA

Bubka's exploits have turned him (shown in 1988) into one of the Soviet Union's heroes.

Bubka used what he learned to become a phenomenon. In 1983, 19 and unknown, he turned up at the World Championships in Helsinki and won with a vault of 18′ 8¼″. The following summer he set a world record of 19′ 2¼″, and he has held the mark with only the briefest of interruptions ever since. He has added centimeter after centimeter—or inch after inch—to the world record, collecting with each improvement a bonus from Soviet sports authorities as well as far larger fees from meet promoters and equipment sponsors. Tom Jennings, the manager of the Pacific Coast Club who has acted on occasion as an agent for Bubka in the U.S., says, "Sergei learned to slice the bacon very thin in order to keep his paydays coming steadily. He understands very well the capitalistic system as it functions for him in the West."

EFE

Bubka reached the historic barrier on only his third vault of the evening in San Sebastian.

The week before Bubka performed in San Sebastián, the World Indoor Championships were held in Seville, Spain. Bubka required only two vaults to win the event—at 19′ 8¼″. He then ordered the bar raised to the magic 20-foot mark. It was after 9 p.m., and the rest of the meet was over. He made three attempts, all failed, and a few cynics from the press and the track-and-field world decided that he had purposely missed because he would get more money at another meet. Another theory had it that he missed in Seville because he was performing as an official member of the Soviet team at those world championships and, as such, he was required by the team to wear Adidas emblems on his uniform. His personal endorsement sponsor is Nike. Others, such as Jennings, who was at the meet in Seville, said that Bubka's efforts were legitimate because breaking 20 feet in the fishbowl of a world championship would be worth a lot of money for him.

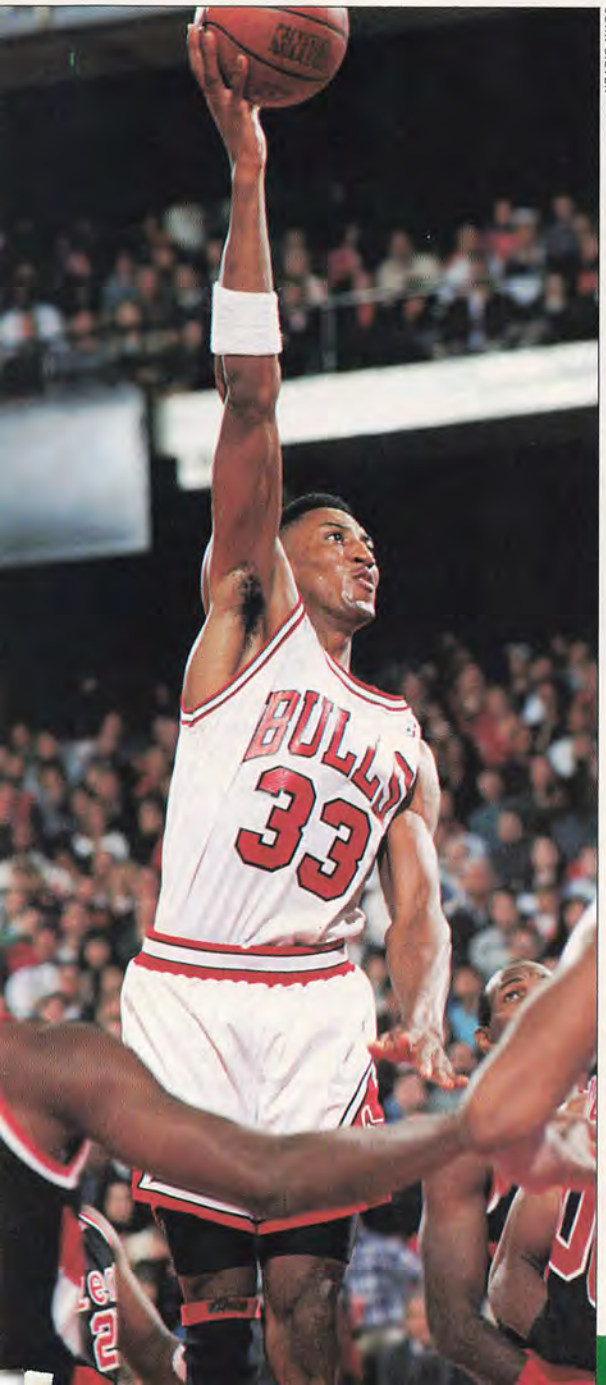
Whatever the reason, history had to wait until San Sebastián, a highly respected meet that always attracts a powerful field. This year the meet was awash in big money and big publicity due to heightened interest engendered by the upcoming 1992 Olympic Games in Barcelona. Track sources said that Bubka, a 1988 Olympic gold medalist, received between $25,000 and $35,000 for appearing in San Sebastián and as much as $50,000 more for breaking the record.

Big payday or not, he basically made it look effortless. He jumped but three times all night—once at 5.71 meters (18′ 8¾″) to warm up, once at 5.91 (19′ 4¾″) meters to guarantee him a tie for first place and once at 6.10. Bubka actually sounded unimpressed with his historic achievement. "My jump was imperfect, my run-in was too short and my hands were too far back at takeoff," he said. "When I manage to iron out these faults, I am sure I can improve."

Improve? The idea is scary. Earl Bell of the U.S., a bronze medalist at the Los Angeles Olympics, who has known Bubka since 1984, chuckles at the idea: "He is so good now, so completely in control that he is doing things the rest of us mere humans only do in our dreams. No one but Warmerdam ever came close." ■

INSIDE THE NBA

by JACK McCALLUM


JOHN BIEVER

Pippen (33) has been a raging Bull this season on the court and in front-office talks alike.

Pippen's a Pip

Opponents of the Bulls have long feared exactly what seems to have happened in Chicago—the transformation of forward Scottie Pippen from a gifted but erratic athlete into a player of near–Michael Jordan ability and consistency. Since Feb. 22, after he finally made public his long-simmering resentment over his $765,000 contract for 1990–91, Pippen has been playing as well as anyone in the NBA, averaging 20.5 points on 67.1% shooting, 6.5 rebounds and 6.7 assists over 12 games. During that time, the Bulls won 11, and at week's end they boasted the best record in the league (48–15).

But what about Pippen's complaints? Because Jordan and backup center Stacey King have already leveled shots at Bulls management this season—Jordan decried the Bulls' lack of depth and King griped about lack of playing time—does Pippen's outburst complete a portrait of a team in turmoil?

Absolutely not. On Monday, *The Chicago Tribune* reported that the Bulls and Pippen were near agreement on a lucrative contract extension. Beyond that, what the little-used King (who makes about $1 million a year) thinks about his lack of minutes is not of much concern to anyone. Finally, the most wrongheaded theory of the year is the one that says the Bulls are adversely affected by Jordan's feud with general manager Jerry Krause.

As one Bull who desires anonymity says, "Jerry isn't around us nearly enough to be a factor." Dissatisfaction with the Chicago front office, particularly its pursuit (probably fruitless) of Yugoslavian guard Toni Kukoc, has united the players more than it has torn them apart.

A potentially more damaging situation for the Bulls is Jordan's tendency to criticize his teammates for lack of support and, in turn, their sniping at him for taking too many shots. The Bulls have discussed both subjects in team meetings, and reports that team harmony has broken down are vastly overblown.

The fact remains that the Bulls have had only one big failure: Like everyone else around the league, they haven't been able to beat Detroit. The Bulls have probably been the NBA's second-best team in the last two seasons, and it's painfully obvious that what they need to become the best is more consistent postseason play out of Pippen. This might be the year they get it.

Glad to Be Here

Gone are the days when the NBA looked to the CBA call-ups solely as emergency 12th men. Now CBAers frequently find that their services are actually needed when they report to the big clubs. Steady, dependable backcourt play seems to be particularly in vogue. Here are our choices for an all-star team of players who began the season on CBA rosters.

Mario Elie, American International, forward-guard, Warriors. The ex–Albany Patroon played high school ball with Warrior star Chris Mullin in New York. Now, Warrior coach Don Nelson has found a scorer off the bench in Elie, who was signed Feb. 28 not only for the rest of this season but also for '91–92, albeit on a make-good basis.

Anthony Frederick, Pepperdine, forward, Kings. A 1986 Nugget draft pick, Frederick was called up from Oklahoma City and has recently begun to make an impact for the Kings, scoring 22 points and grabbing seven rebounds against the Warriors on March 10. The Kings have signed him for the rest of the season.

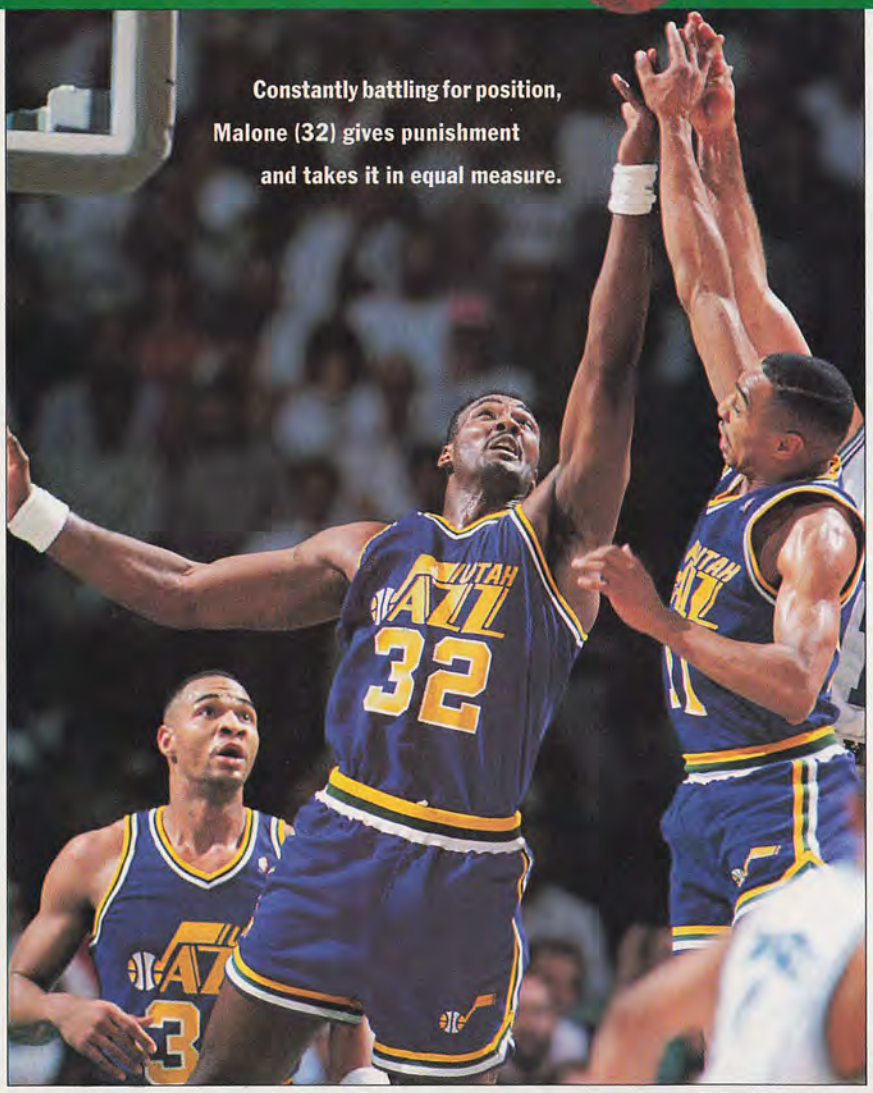
Henry James, St. Mary's (Texas), forward-guard, Cavs. The almost unknown swingman, who moved up from Wichita Falls (Texas) on Dec. 31, still finds steady time in an injury-depleted rotation.

Jim Les, Bradley, point guard, Kings. An Omaha Racer when the season began, Les is now a sometime starter for the Kings. He had 17 assists against the SuperSonics on March 2.

Andre Turner, Memphis State, point guard, 76ers. He is player of the year on this all-star team, averaging 5.5 points and 4.3 assists as the backup to Rickey Green. Over the past five seasons Turner has been shuttling between the CBA and the NBA, having had stints with the Celtics, Rockets, Bucks, Clippers and Hornets while keeping a kind of home base with the LaCrosse (Wis.) Catbirds. If point guard Johnny Dawkins, out with a knee injury, is back next fall, Turner might find himself in LaCrosse again. But only for a while.

Attacking the Mailman

Is Karl Malone of the Jazz a dirty player? That was the charge made by the Hawks' Dominique Wilkins after Atlanta lost to



Constantly battling for position, Malone (32) gives punishment and takes it in equal measure.

JIM GUND

Utah 116–105 on Jan. 29 at the Salt Palace. The allegation was noteworthy because NBA superstars generally refrain from public catfights. "You don't usually see that kind of thing at our level," said Malone last week.

The incident that started the fuss occurred when Malone sent Sidney Moncrief sprawling late in the first period. After the game, Wilkins told reporters that he marched up to the Mailman and uttered words to this effect: "You're a cheap-shot artist. You're not a man. You always go out there to hurt somebody smaller than you."

Malone and Wilkins spoke at the All-Star Game—at 'Nique's request, says Malone—and Wilkins apologized for being too harsh. But what he said was so strong that it continues to bother Malone.

"I consider myself a hard, physical player who takes a lot of punishment and gives some out, too, but I'm not a dirty player," Malone said last week.

The league office subscribes to that view. Rod Thorn, the NBA's director of operations, viewed a tape of the Moncrief incident and said he saw nothing malicious or deliberate in Malone's actions. Is the Mailman getting a bum rap? "He does a lot of things other guys do," says Rocket forward Otis Thorpe. "He just has more power behind it."

Still, controversy will continue to follow Malone. There are players who feel, as Sonics forward Derrick McKey does, that Malone steps over the line. "Sometimes they [physical players like Malone] may do things without knowing it, but other times they do it intentionally to intimidate you," said McKey. "They are aware of what they are doing and guys can get hurt because of it."

As the focal point of Utah's offense, Malone is engaged in a never-ending struggle to get position near the basket, while his opponents are engaged in a never-ending battle to keep him away. He's the source of punishment, but he's also the recipient, and he gets frustrated and sometimes lashes out.

NBA guidelines on how much and what kind of contact is allowed in postup situations need to be refined and universally applied. Now that there are three referees on the court, that should be possible.

Speaking of which. . . .

The Third Ref

Concerned about overly physical play and fights that began away from the ball, the NBA went to a three-referee system at the start of the '87–88 season. And though it now costs about $2 million extra (in salaries, benefits, travel costs, etc.) to have six eyes watching every game, league officials say they would not consider going back to four eyes.

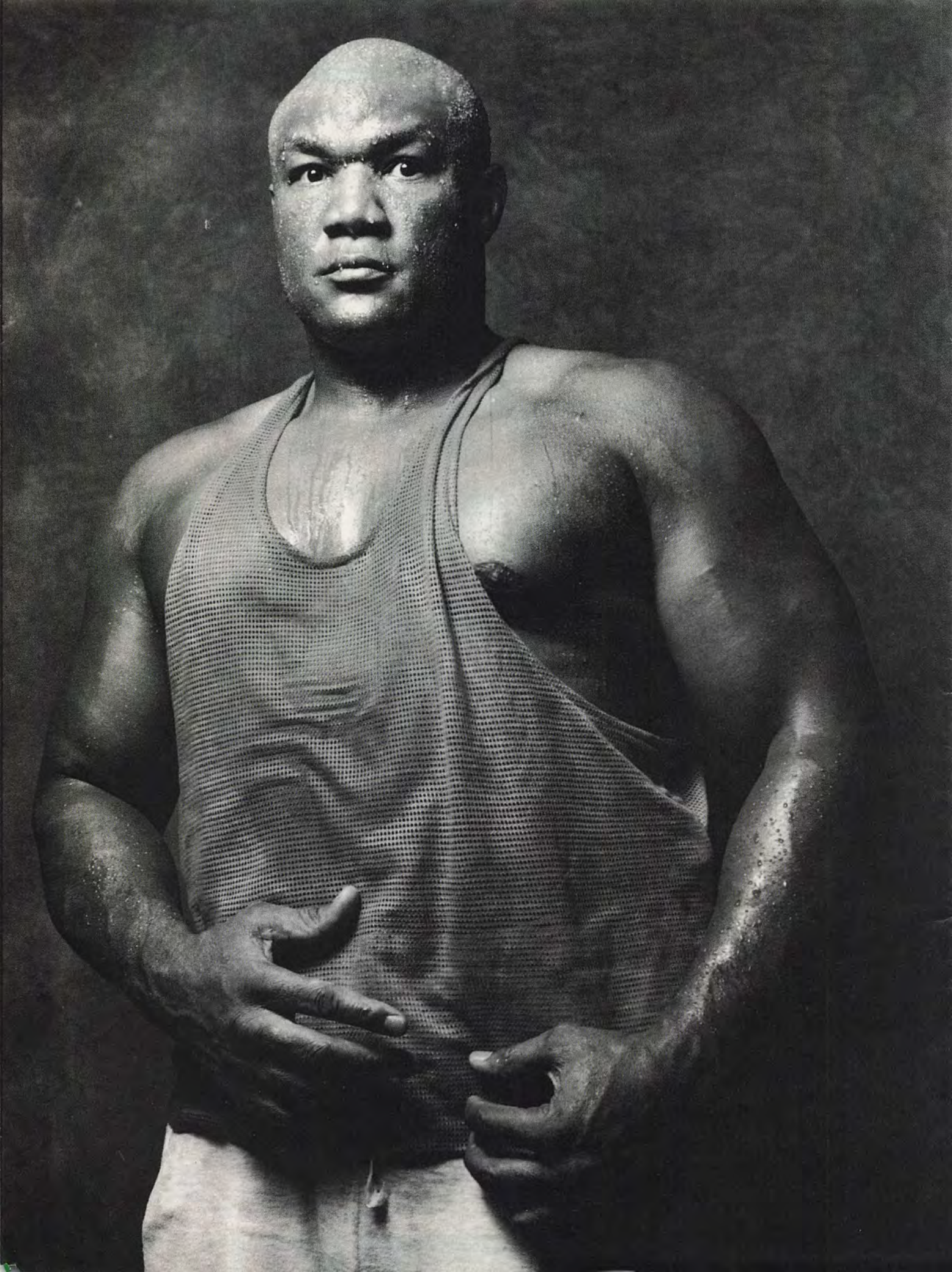
Thorn lists two major advantages to having the extra ref: better court coverage to make calls and more opportunity to bring along younger officials. Surprisingly, personal fouls have gone down (about one per game) since the third ref was added. "Players adjust and know they can't get away with as much," says Thorn. Furthermore, incidents of fighting have been cut almost in half. At the same time, detection of some violations has increased under the new system. Illegal defense calls are up 15%, and traveling and three-second calls are each up about 10%.

"All in all," says Thorn, "we think the third ref has been a big plus."

Do the coaches and general managers agree? Well, yes, according to the results of this week's poll. Asked whether the three-ref system had a positive or negative effect on the game, 12 voters said positive, six said negative, three said it had a mixed effect, and one abstained.

The response of one of the "mixed" voters, a Western Conference coach, speaks to both sides of the issue. "It has definitely cut back on hard, dirty play off the ball," he said. "But the thing I don't like is there's too much passing of the buck. With two refs, if a guy saw it, he called it. In this system, somebody's always saying, 'Hey, it wasn't my call.' "

Most of the "positive" voters praised the added coverage provided by three refs and said that initial resistance to the third official, who tends to be younger and less experienced, has eased. "I would hate to see us go back to the old system," said Clipper coach Mike Schuler. That doesn't appear to be likely. ■



VOICES FROM HIS PAST

AS GEORGE FOREMAN'S THIRD CAREER COMES TO A CLIMAX WITH HIS APRIL 19 TITLE FIGHT AGAINST EVANDER HOLYFIELD, EIGHT VANQUISHED OPPONENTS FROM HIS FIRST CAREER, AND ONE VICTOR FROM HIS SECOND, REFLECT ON THE AGELESS HEAVYWEIGHT'S PAST AND HIS PROSPECTS AGAINST HOLYFIELD

The first time I ever saw George Foreman, he was leaning over the railing of a second-story balcony at a hotel room in Kingston, Jamaica. His huge forearms rested on the railing, and his shoulders bulged through a T-shirt. There was a split seam under his left arm.

Back then, unlike now, Foreman's face was forever a brooding, forbidding mask, a visage that spoke of his hard days as a boy in Houston's Fifth Ward. That afternoon in Kingston he turned it on Joe Frazier, the heavyweight champion of the world, as Frazier crossed a small footbridge below the balcony. It was the middle of January 1973, and Frazier had come to Jamaica to defend his title against Foreman. That morning, Foreman had been quoted in the Kingston papers as saying that Frazier's days were over. "I'm gonna knock Joe Frazier out," Foreman had said. Crossing that footbridge, Frazier looked up at Foreman and called out, "On January the 22nd, I'm gonna smoke you out, man, smoke you out! You really believe you're goin' to knock me out? You really believe that?"

Foreman glared at Frazier. Turning in to his room, he said, almost in a whisper, "I do believe. I truly believe."

At the time, Frazier seemed indomitable. He was the conqueror of Muhammad Ali. He threw a left hook that started from way down in South Carolina somewhere and ended at the point of his opponent's chin. In the press corps in Kingston virtually no one could conceive of Foreman's beating him. What nearly all the reporters failed to see was that Foreman was perhaps the most devastating two-handed puncher in the history of boxing, and Frazier's style was to take three punches while giving one. He could do that with Ali, who was not a heavy hitter, but not against young Foreman, who knocked Frazier to the canvas six times before referee Arthur Mercante stopped the fight.

Thus began Foreman's brief career as king. In Caracas, on March 26, 1974, he hit Ken Norton with a punch thrown so hard that when the back of Norton's head hit the canvas, several boxing writers thought he would never wake up. "I feared he had killed Norton," said Bob Waters of *Newsday*.

As Foreman prepared to fight Ali in Kinshasa, Zaire, seven months after the Norton fight, only Waters, among the regular writers, picked Ali to knock him out. The rest feared for Ali's life against this most formidable giant.

Of course, Ali feared no one. On the eve of the bout he visited the press center in Kinshasa, which was populated almost exclusively by white journalists, and looked at a bulletin board on which the writers had made their picks. Except for Waters and one or two others, all had picked Foreman: in one, in three, in two, in five. Ali scanned the list and told *The Cincinnati Enquirer*'s Tom Callahan, "What you don't understand is, black folks ain't afraid of black folks like white folks are afraid of black folks."

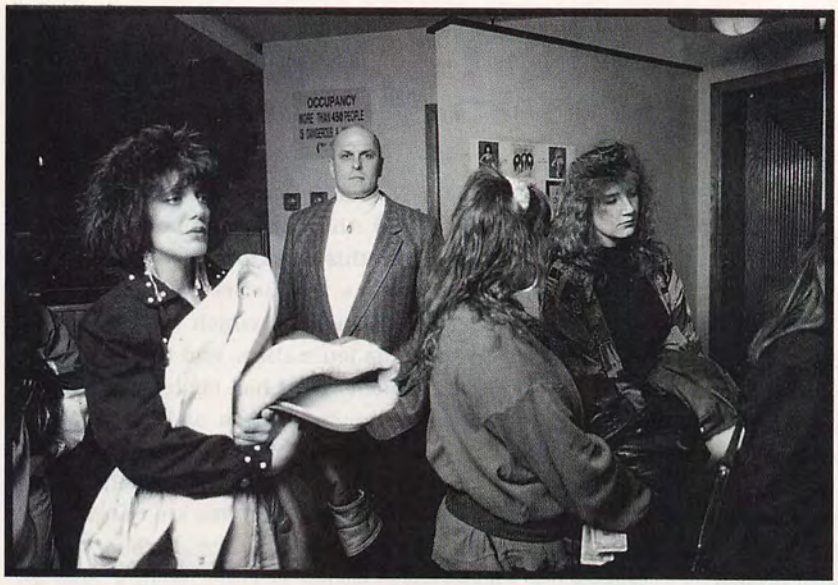
Waters had picked Ali in seven. Boxing, moving, rope-a-doping, Ali knocked Foreman out in eight. So ended Foreman's first career. I saw the tail end of his second, three years later. Foreman was in Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan, P.R., the morning after Jimmy Young had whipped him in a 12-round decision. The fight had left him so dehydrated that he succumbed to heat stroke, though Foreman says the hallucinations he experienced weren't because of the heat but were divinely inspired. He would not fight again for 10 years, until he began his current comeback, his third career. That night in San Juan, his trainer, Gil Clancy, led me into Foreman's room. Under a clean white sheet the huge shape of Foreman lay still, except for a wiggling of his toes.

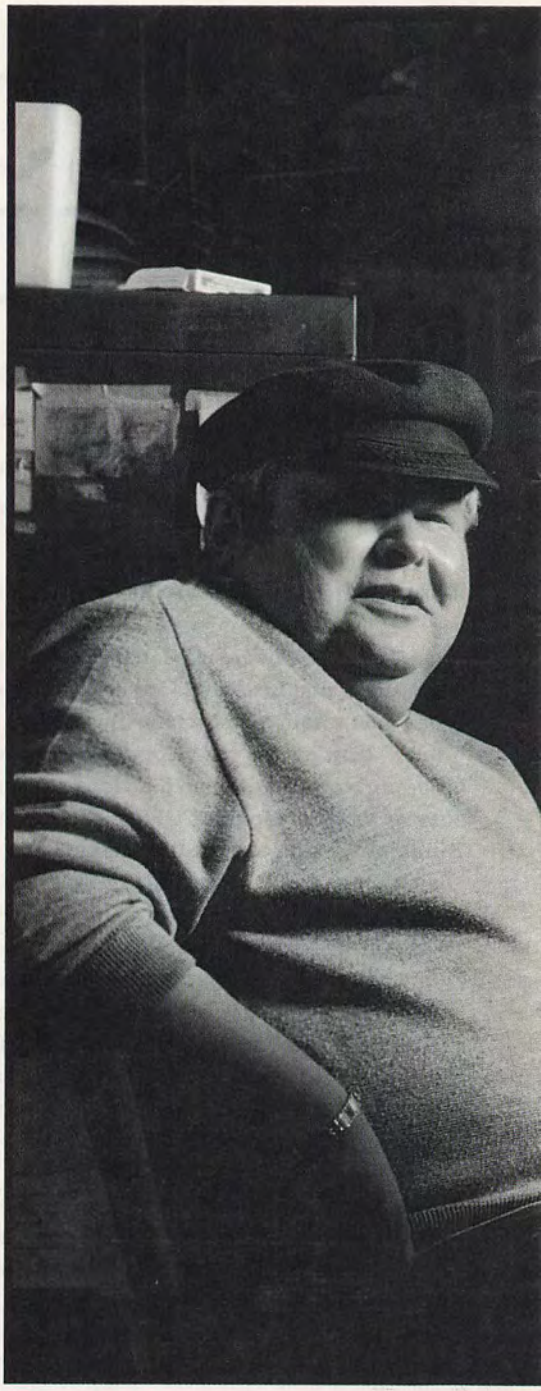
Lifting the top of the sheet, Clancy said, "Excuse me, sir." Two large black hands pulled the sheet down, revealing Foreman's smiling countenance. A bottle half-filled with a clear liquid hung above his head, and drop by drop it was draining into his arm through a length of plastic tubing. "I'm wakin' from the dead," Foreman said. "Wait around till midnight, and I will come out of my coffin."

That was 14 years ago. Next month, Foreman, age 42, will fight Evander Holyfield for the heavyweight championship of the world. The man is still very much alive. As the fighters on the following pages, men who faced Foreman in his first two careers, attest, it could be a scary night for Holyfield.

—WILLIAM NACK

PHOTOGRAPHS AND INTERVIEWS BY MICHAEL BRENNAN





DON WALDHELM

KO'D IN ROUND 3
JUNE 23, 1969; NEW YORK CITY

"It was the toughest fight I ever had, and it was my last fight. Foreman hit very hard. When you get hit by George, you feel like you've been pumped with Novocain. The first time he hit me in the face, it went numb; I had no feeling in my cheeks or lips. It was like going to the dentist. When it was over, I told my brother, 'Foreman's going to be the heavyweight champion of the world.' Foreman's kept himself in good condition. He has a very strong heart, and I believe he will take Holyfield out in the fourth round."

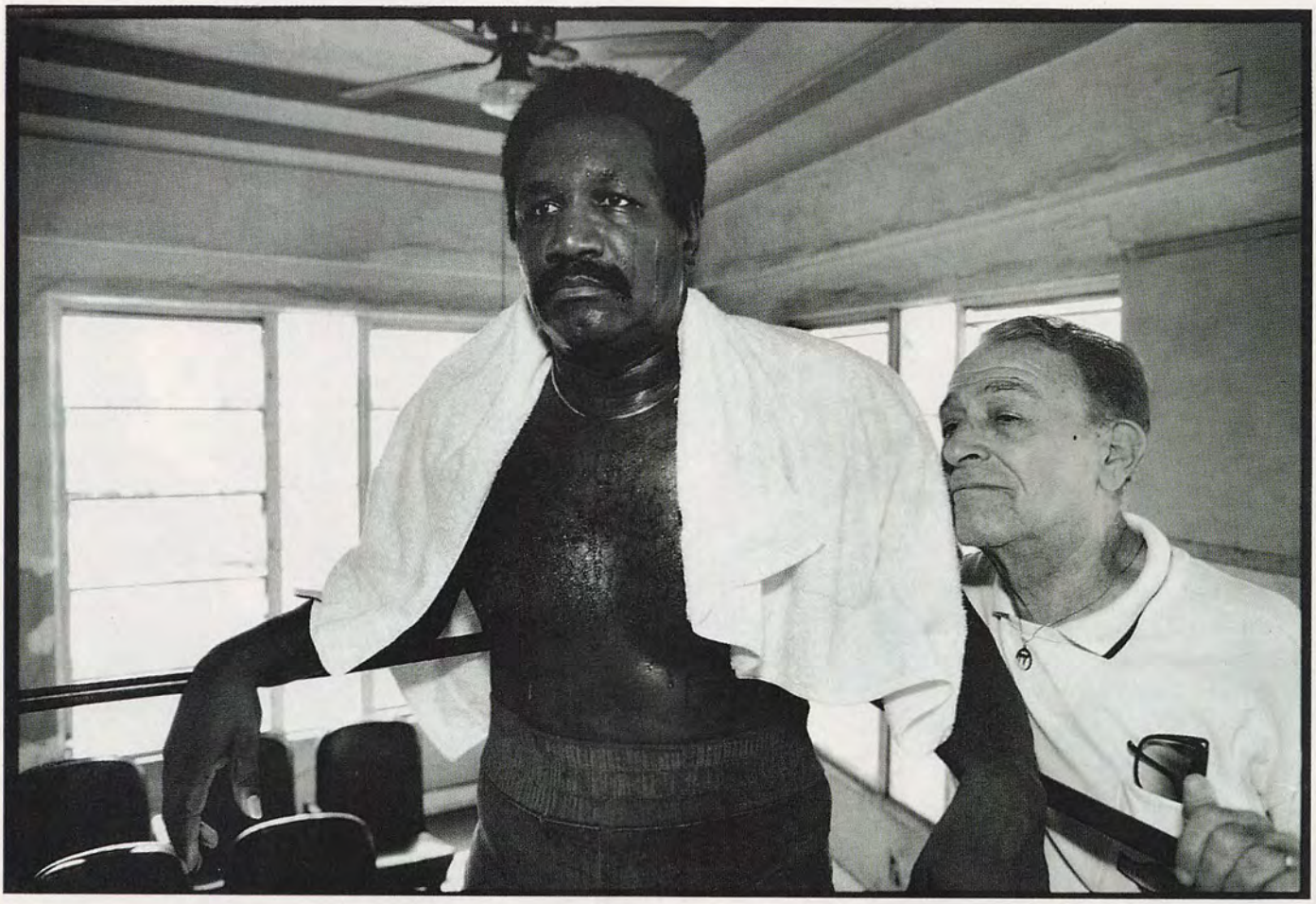
Waldhelm, 54, who was Foreman's first professional opponent, has been a bouncer for the last 23 years and now works at Christopher's Supper & Nightclub in Brooklyn.

GEORGE CHUVALO

KO'D IN ROUND 3
AUGUST 4, 1970; NEW YORK CITY

"Foreman a heavy puncher? I make the Joe Frazier analogy. You fight a guy like Joe, it would be like a Pontiac hitting you at a hundred miles an hour. With a fighter like Foreman, it was like a Cadillac hitting you at 50 miles an hour. There is a different impact. George is more heavy-handed, not fast. George has done a marvelous job in terms of p.r. When he was a young guy, he wasn't likable; he was surly, almost arrogant. Now, he seems like a different person. He's always smiling. People identify with him, all that stuff about burgers and pork chops. But I think Holyfield will outbox him. He'll make George miss him. After about four or five rounds, Foreman will be like a sitting duck."

When not playing cards at the Lansdown Gym in Toronto, Chuvalo (*center*), 53, produces boxing shows for TV syndication. He has also had parts in 15 movies. "I had my arm ripped off in *The Fly*," he says. "I'm always being beat up. I never get the girl."



LEVI FORTE

LOST 10-ROUND DECISION
DECEMBER 16, 1969; MIAMI BEACH

"It was a close fight. He had me down in the first round. He broke three of my ribs, but I still went the distance. He's a heavy hitter, but not the heaviest. George Chuvalo hit the hardest. I was paid $1,900 for the fight, but Foreman told me I gave him a million dollars' worth of experience."

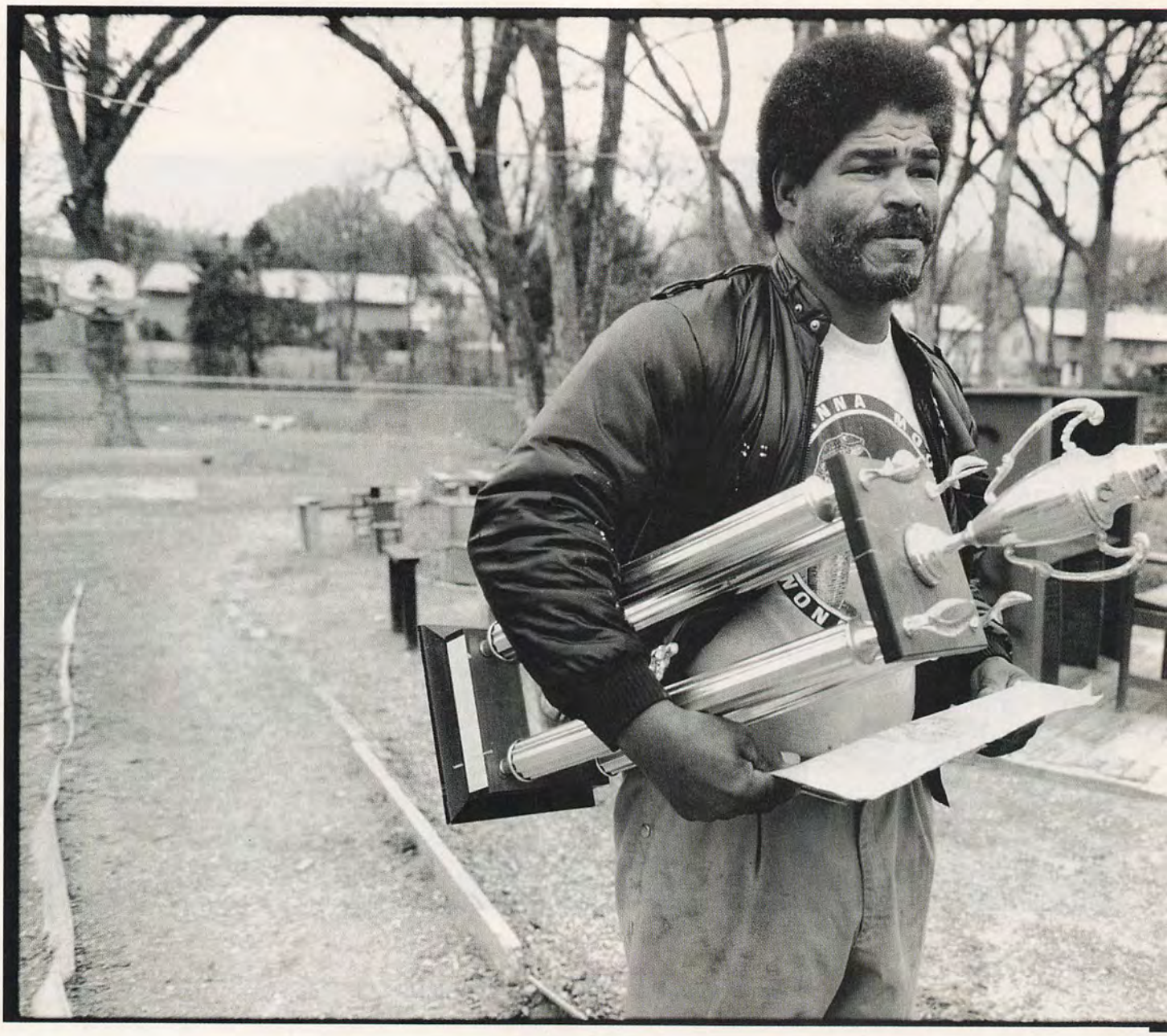
Forte, 50, is attempting a comeback, guided by his first manager, Mack Goodman. "I never really retired," he says. "One of the reasons for my return is because I want to get even with Foreman." Forte was Ali's traveling sparring partner for several years and has been a bellman at the Fontainebleau Hilton Resort and Spa in Miami Beach since 1968. He was the National Bellman of the Year in '90. Says Forte, "I have checked some famous people in: Elvis Presley, some presidents, Jim Brown, Aretha Franklin. Sugar Ray Leonard came over to me and said, 'You don't look like no fighter.' I said, 'You don't either.' We both had the same trainer, Angelo Dundee, and his fighters don't get beat up."

RUFUS BRASSELL

KO'D IN ROUND 1
MARCH 31, 1970; HOUSTON

"**I had** a lot of second thoughts about fighting Foreman. I had just come off a fight with Jerry Quarry. I knocked him down in the first round, but they said I hit him after the bell. They robbed me. I wasn't in any frame of mind to be fighting Foreman. Plus, my son, Michael, was born that day, and I wasn't able to be there. George is a pretty heavy puncher. He hit me on the top of the head, and I went numb. I thought I could have continued, but the referee stopped it. As far as Holyfield, Foreman doesn't need the money, so what's he doing fighting at his age? I don't think he has any chance of beating Holyfield."

Brassell, 48, retired from the ring after 23 fights and settled in his hometown of Lima, Ohio, where he worked for the state welfare service. "That was depressing, investigating welfare fraud," he says. Today, Brassell manages a Clyde Evans supermarket in Lima.



ROY (COOKIE) WALLACE

KO'D IN ROUND 2
SEPTEMBER 23, 1969; HOUSTON

"**George** is a devastating puncher. He threw the hardest punch I was ever hit with. He will be the world heavyweight champion again. People don't understand that age is just a number; George is not old, he's just aging. People don't want young whiskey, they want whiskey that has aged."

Wallace, whose age is unknown, says he won this trophy for being heavyweight champion of Texas in 1972. He has known Foreman since '64, when both of them used to work out at the Red Shield Boys Club in Houston. In '74, while working as a cargo supervisor for Braniff Airlines, Wallace suffered a hip injury, and today he lives with friends in Dallas and gets by on welfare and disability checks. "Some days I can't get out of bed," he says. "I'm told I have a disease in my lower pelvic bone. I'm very depressed." He is devoted to Foreman, who, he says, bought him a red Corvette in '76. "I love this guy," Wallace says. "I would carry George's bag if he needed a handler."

BOB HAZLETON

KO'D IN ROUND 1
DECEMBER 6, 1969; LAS VEGAS

"The fight should not have taken place. I was a very skinny heavyweight, six-six and 183 pounds. When I looked at George at the weigh-in, I knew I wasn't ready for him. I was hit by a right hand and an uppercut that split the inside of my mouth. I had 33 stitches. I give him a 70 percent chance of beating Holyfield, and I'm sure he could beat Tyson. Age has no bearing on anything you do in life. George is doing things the right way. He's learning to pace himself. He is learning how to go into the later rounds."

Hazleton, 43, was taking steroids to build himself up as far back as the late 1960s. "I was taking maybe 100 milligrams a week about the time I fought George," he says. "I shot up sometimes just before I would fight. In the '80s I was up to 3,000 milligrams." In the early '80s, Hazleton began to suffer from blood clots in his left leg, which were attributed to his use of steroids. The leg was amputated in 1986, but he continued to use steroids. His right leg was removed the following year. Today, Hazleton, who lives in Detroit, spends much of his time lecturing on the evils of bodybuilding drugs. "I try to stay healthy and strong," he says. "I still want to keep my looks. I would like to get into acting."

JAMES (BABA) WOODY

KO'D IN ROUND 3
APRIL 17, 1970; NEW YORK CITY

"**George** came out like a house on fire. He is the hardest puncher in the world, but I felt the referee stopped the fight too soon. I was the kind of fighter who got better as time went on. When I fought him, I don't think George was confident about his boxing ability. He would try to conquer with brute strength. George is a powerful person, but unless he can box, I don't think he can beat Holyfield."

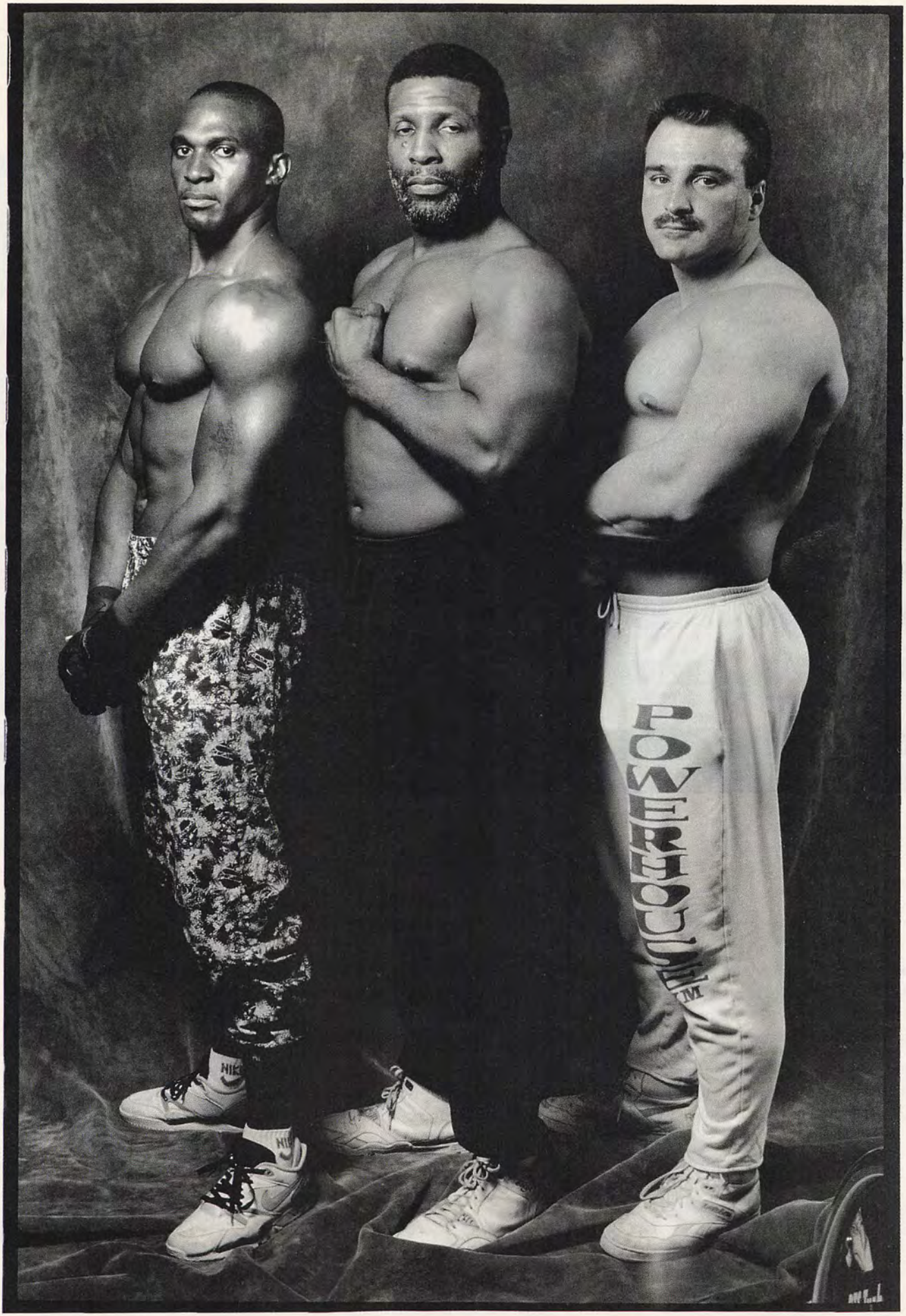
Woody, 48, who is retired from the New York City Transit Authority, where he worked as a maintenance engineer, has tried unsuccessfully to obtain a license to work as a sparring partner. "I have seen bad times, like most fighters do," he says. "But I have a good solid body. I have aged just a little slower than most guys." Of late, Woody has embraced the teachings of the Indian mystic Meher Baba, to whom he has built a shrine in his Bronx apartment.

LEROY CALDWELL

KO'D IN ROUND 3
SEPTEMBER 21, 1971;
BEAUMONT, TEXAS

"**George** was the Number 2 contender when I fought him. He never talked too much, he did all his talking with his fists. He was a deadly puncher, the hardest puncher in the world. Earnie Shavers, Cleveland Williams, Ron Lyle, Oscar Bonavena could punch, but George was the hardest. I don't believe in age, and I think George can beat anybody. Holyfield won't be able to take his punches."

Since leaving the ring, Caldwell (*middle*), 44, has worked as a bodyguard and is now a trainer at Gold's Gym in Las Vegas. Here he poses with two clients. "They paid me $1,500 for the Foreman fight," he says. "Out of that, they took expenses. I knew I had been robbed and stolen from, and I left boxing with a bad feeling. I'd get calls on a Tuesday saying, 'We got a big fight for you on Thursday—in Africa.'"


POWERHOUSE™

JIMMY YOUNG

WON 12-ROUND DECISION
MARCH 17, 1977; SAN JUAN, P.R.

"I had a lot of confidence. I knew I was going to win. I had him down in the 12th round. He caught me in the seventh round with a left hook, and 14 years later I can still feel that punch. I remember that when he caught me, I was asking God to help my soul. I have never told George this, but when he caught me with that punch, I was out cold. All he had to do was push me with his little finger. How I survived that round I will never know."

Young, 42, who lives with his son, Jason, in Philadelphia, has sparred with Mike Tyson, and fought last year in Biloxi, Miss., where he knocked out his opponent. Since then, a spine injury suffered in a car accident has forced him to quit boxing. He is looking for a job. "I would like to join the police force," he says, "but I'm too old."

Sports Illustrated for KIDS
SUPER SPORTS SPECIAL
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HEY, DUDES! IT'S ME, BUZZ BEAMER, ACE REPORTER FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR KIDS, IN MY FIRST TV SHOW! WATCH ME ASK THE BIG STARS THE BIG QUESTIONS!
BUZZ-CAM
MY MAN BUZZ IS GETTING SOME AIR TIME!
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Tony Gwynn
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Jackie Joyner-Kersee
Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson and the NBA All-Stars
FIRST TIME ON THE TUBE!
NBC
Saturday, March 30
12:30 p.m. E.T.
check local listings
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Let's Put the Sock Back in Soccer

The sport's alltime greatest player urges a return to offense to enhance its appeal

by PELÉ with HUGH DELEHANTY

CHANGE IS A VITAL PART OF SPORTS. Even old-fashioned sports, such as tennis, have given way to the forces of change over the years and have had their rules modified. So why not soccer? Because the powers that be at FIFA, soccer's international governing body, keep the sport stuck in the 19th century. The game is suffering.

For the past three years I have been lobbying FIFA to take steps to increase scoring. It is goals that have made soccer the world's most popular game, not scoreless ties that are decided by penalty kicks. However, every time I've approached FIFA with my ideas on how to open up the game, I've received a polite brush-off. And I'm not the only one. In December, bowing to pressure from outraged fans, FIFA appointed a task force to study ways of ending the scoring drought. But FIFA said that the committee's findings and recommendations, which will be released at the end of this year, will not be acted upon before the 1994 World Cup in the U.S.

Why not? Certainly anyone who saw the 1990 World Cup would agree that something needs to be done to restore balance to the game—and fast. In that tournament, not only were there fewer goals scored per match (2.21) than in any previous World Cup, but both semifinal matches ended in penalty-kick shootouts and the one goal in the final was scored on a penalty kick late in regulation time. This is not just a World Cup problem, either. Last fall, the men's soccer finals in all three NCAA divisions were low-scoring draws that were settled by—what else?—penalty kicks.

Defense no longer merely has the upper hand, it has a stranglehold on the game. This trend toward scorelessness has been developing for years, fueled by the vast sums of money flowing into the sport. Many coaches, fearful of losing their high-paying jobs, no longer play to win, they play *not to lose*. That subtle shift in attitude has had far-reaching effects at all levels of the sport, from the mechanized way kids learn the game to the questionable defensive tactics pros use to frustrate their rivals.

GEORGE LANGE

For starters, Pelé would limit the goalie's right to handle the ball.

What has been lost in the process is the very heart and soul of the game—creativity. The jazz musician Charlie Mingus once said that to take something simple and make it complex is common, but to take something complex and make it simple, that's creativity. This is as true of soccer as it is of music. To create a goal is a complex task that requires dozens of split-second decisions and the imagination to anticipate three, four, five moves ahead. Most of today's players, who are products of the overemphasis on defense, aren't afforded the opportunity to master these skills. In my day, all the best teams had five or six exceptional goal scorers; now if a team has two, it's considered a world power.

Last October, I experienced firsthand just how desperate the situation is. I was playing in my 50th-birthday game in Milan. Before the match I was concerned that I might have trouble keeping up with my teammates, who were young members of the Brazilian national team. But what I discovered as I moved the ball upfield was that *they* were having trouble keeping up with *me*. Not physically, but mentally. These were Brazil's crème de la crème, and they didn't know the rudiments of offense: how to move without the ball, how to give and go, how to perform a one-two pass. I was stunned.

Is it possible to reverse this trend in soccer? I think so, but it will take more than cosmetic changes. It will take a forward-thinking approach to the game, and rules that stimulate creativity. Here are my suggestions:

- Prohibit the human wall on direct free kicks. The wall has never made sense to me. Let's say you're a forward. You bring the ball up, dribble past four or five players and just as you're about to shoot, somebody nails you. And then, all those players you beat out are back in the picture, forming the wall. Ridiculous. In those situations, I think the fouled player should get a free kick one-on-one against the goalie.

Medical studies reveal...

The earlier you use Rogaine, the better your chances of growing hair.

"My hair's completely filled in. *It started growing in under 2 months. It was amazing! Early treatment...it works!"—Jim Wilets, 30*

Rogaine is the only product ever proven to grow hair. And studies show that using it at the first signs of hair loss gives you the best chance that it will grow hair for you.

What are the early warning signs of losing hair?

Everyone loses a little hair. Fifty to 80 hairs a day is normal. If you're losing more than 100 hairs a day without normal replacement, the first sign will often be thinning of the "crown" at the top of your scalp. See your doctor when you first notice it, because this small bald spot can grow larger over time.

"I may not have grown any hair after 6 months, but most of my hair's stopped falling out. I'm glad I got to the doctor fast."—Luis Silva, 20

Two million men worldwide have tried *Rogaine*. In yearlong clinical tests conducted by dermatologists at 27 medical centers nationwide, virtually half (48%) of the men who tried *Rogaine* saw at least moderate hair regrowth. Thirty-six percent had minimal regrowth and the rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Doctors also found that it usually takes 4 months or more before you can begin to evaluate your use of *Rogaine*. Side effects were minimal: only 5% of the men tested had itching of the scalp.

"The first time I saw hair growing was at about 8 months. I hadn't lost much...*but I'm not taking any chances."—Tony Vila*

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Only your dermatologist or family doctor can tell you, so see one soon. The sooner you get your prescription for *Rogaine* (which is now available in an economical 3-pack), the sooner you could be growing hair.

For more information, a list of doctors in your area who can help you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor, call the toll-free number below.

Send in the coupon or call 1 800 772-0033 ext 673 for your $10 certificate. Soon.

Fill this in now. Then, start to fill in your hair loss.

Mr. Keith Barton, The Upjohn Company
PO Box 9040, Opa Locka, Florida 33054-9944

Dear Mr. Barton:

Please send me a free brochure, full of information on how to treat my hair loss with *Rogaine*. And just to make sure I don't forget to go to my doctor about my hair loss, please send me a list of doctors who can help me and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to see my doctor. Thanks.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

Phone_____ Age_____

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product proven to grow hair.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been usod since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups. *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn
The Upjohn Company

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USJ-4536.00 February 1991

• Award penalty kicks for *all* fouls committed in the penalty area. Referees usually award only an indirect free kick for charging and lesser infractions. But if defenders knew they might get hit with a penalty kick, they would think twice about committing those types of fouls in the box.

• Allow players to kick the ball in, or as at present, to throw it in when the ball goes over the sidelines. This would speed up play and add the element of surprise. A skilled kicker can drive the ball from deep in his territory all the way to the opposing goal. That never happens with a throw.

• Prohibit goalies from using their hands outside of the goal area. Currently, a goalie can range freely in the penalty area, as well as in the goal area. That gives him air superiority up to 18 yards in front of the goal. Take that advantage away and scoring will skyrocket.

Some soccer people have suggested widening the goal to give players a bigger target to hit. The rationale is that today's goalkeepers are taller than their predecessors and can cover more area. I'm not convinced that widening the goal is a good idea. The problem is the inaccuracy of today's shooters. In the 1990 World Cup, 53% of the 1,162 shots missed the mark entirely. Yes, some of those misses were forced errors, but at least 80% were truly bad shots. If we adopt other measures to encourage offense, the shooters will soon hone their offensive skills.

Another often-mentioned proposal is eliminating the offside rule. What good would that do? Defenders would soon adjust to the new situation. And I don't see any merit in introducing a shot clock or setting a time limit for getting the ball across the center line. Both changes would violate the fluid nature of the game.

I'm not saying that FIFA should adopt all of my suggestions at once. In fact, it might be better to experiment with them one at a time. But I think that if FIFA is going to do something, it should start now, not later in the decade. What better time to introduce new ideas than when a fresh audience—the U.S. and Canada—is plugged in and eager to be entertained? The 1994 World Cup provides a golden opportunity for soccer. Let's hope FIFA doesn't boot it. ■

Pelé, who retired as a player in 1977, travels the world to promote soccer.

ESPN® SPORTS WEEK

Sat. 3/23 - Fri. 3/29

All Times Eastern

AUTO RACING

Barber Saab Series
Sunday - 12:30 PM

Formula One: Grand Prix of Brazil
Sunday - 4 PM

MotoWorld
Friday - 6 PM

BASEBALL

Major League Baseball: Spring Training Reds vs. Mets
Sunday - 7:30 PM

Giants vs. Padres
Tuesday - 8 PM

Baseball Tonight™ Season Premiere
Tuesday - 11 PM
Wednesday - 11 PM
Thursday - 11 PM
Friday - 11 PM

BOWLING

PBA Senior Tour
Thursday - Midnight

GOLF

LPGA Tour: Standard Register Turquoise Classic
Third Round
Saturday - 4 PM
Final Round
Sunday - 2 PM

Cadillac Senior PGA Tour: The Vintage

ARCO Invitational
Second Round
Saturday - 6 PM
Final Round
Sunday - 5:30 PM

Inside the PGA Tour
Wednesday - 6 PM

LPGA Tour: The Nabisco Dinah Shore Classic
First Round
Thursday - 4 PM
Second Round
Friday - 4 PM

EXERCISE

Getting Fit with Denise Austin
Weekdays - 11 AM

Basic Training Workout
Weekdays - 11:30 AM

Bodies in Motion
Weekdays - Noon

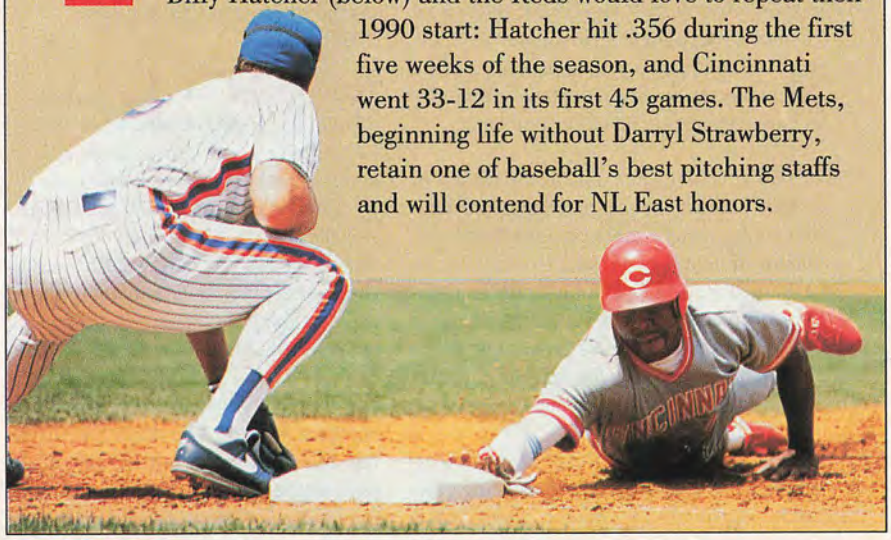
Bodyshaping
Weekdays - 12:30 PM

Body by Jake
Weekdays - 1 PM

1991 U.S. Grand Prix winner Ayrton Senna leads the field in the Grand Prix of Brazil Sunday at 4 PM.

Trying for a Double

The Cincinnati Reds, aiming for a second consecutive World Series crown, play the New York Mets Sunday at 7:30 PM as ESPN's live spring training coverage continues. Outfielder Billy Hatcher (below) and the Reds would love to repeat their 1990 start: Hatcher hit .356 during the first five weeks of the season, and Cincinnati went 33-12 in its first 45 games. The Mets, beginning life without Darryl Strawberry, retain one of baseball's best pitching staffs and will contend for NL East honors.



HORSE RACING

Budweiser Thoroughbred Digest
Thursday - 6 PM

SKIING

Subaru Ski World
Friday - 7:30 PM

SPORTSCENTER®

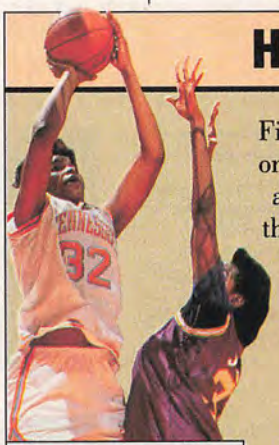
SATURDAY
7 AM, 11:30 AM, 7:30 PM, 11:30 PM, 2 AM

SUNDAY
7 AM, 11:30 AM, 7 PM, 11 PM, 2 AM

MONDAY
8:30 AM, 6:30 PM, 11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

TUESDAY - FRIDAY
8:30 AM, 7 PM, 11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

Hot Hoops!



Final Four spots are on the line Saturday as ESPN presents the NCAA women's regional finals. Tennessee's Daedra Charles (left) leads the third-ranked Lady Vols. In the NIT semifinals and championship, Providence's title hopes rest on the shooting skills of star guard, Eric Murdock (right).

1991 NCAA Women's Championship: East Regional Final
Saturday - Noon

Mideast Regional Final
Saturday - 2:30 PM

Midwest Regional Final
Saturday - 9 PM

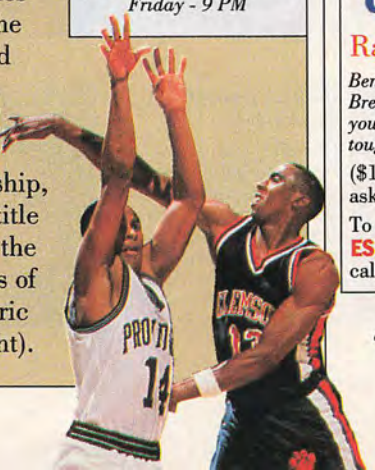
West Regional Final
Saturday - Midnight

National Invitational Tournament: Semifinal #1
Monday - 7 PM

Semifinal #2
Monday - 9 PM

Championship
Wednesday - 9 PM

NABC All-America Game
Friday - 9 PM



VIDEO OF THE WEEK

Racing Tough

Benny Parsons and Brett Bodine take you on auto racing's toughest driving test

($19.95 plus S&H, ask for #850325)

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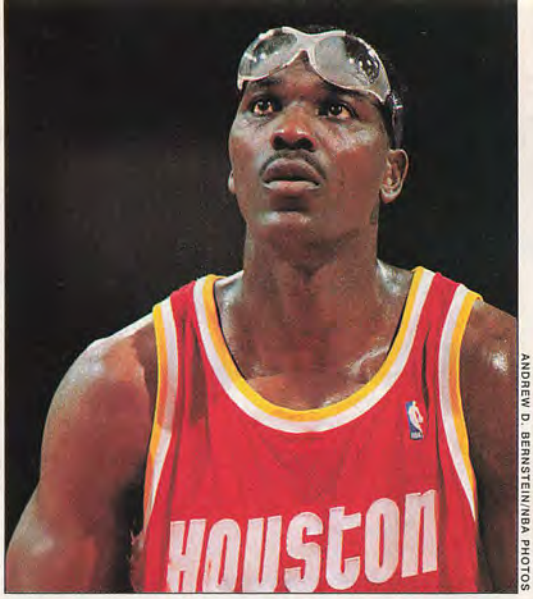
FOR THE RECORD

Nome, sweet Nome . . . an octet of taters in Georgia . . . at the track, a big win by a Furlong



ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

Spell it "Hakeem," but say it "Akeem."

Renamed The Houston Rockets' center **Akeem Olajuwon**, who changed his first name to Hakeem. Olajuwon said he made the alteration to conform to the more traditional Arabic spelling of the name, though it will still be pronounced ah-KEEM, as before. Hakeem, which means "wise one" or "doctor," will take some getting used to. In fact, Olajuwon was observed signing autographs as *Akeem* even after he made the change.

Selected By the AAU as the winner of its 1990 Sullivan Award (presented to the nation's top amateur athlete), **John Smith**, 25, making him the first wrestler to win the honor in its 61-year history. Smith, now an assistant coach at Oklahoma State, earned a gold medal in the 136½-pound class at last year's Goodwill Games and is the first U.S. wrestler ever to win four world or Olympic titles.

Stripped By the WBO of its junior welterweight title, **Greg Haugen**, for testing positive for marijuana after his Feb. 23 split-decision victory over Hector Camacho in Las Vegas. In addition, Haugen was fined a record $25,000 and ordered to perform 200 hours of community service in Clark (Nev.) County. The WBO also ordered Haugen to grant a rematch to Camacho. "Screw the WBO," said Haugen, who admitted to longtime marijuana use. "I'm going to kick Camacho's butt, and they can have their belt."

Established By Georgia Tech senior third baseman **Andy Bruce**, an NCAA record by hitting a home run in eight consecutive games, breaking the mark of six, set in 1983 by Jeff DePiano of the University of Jacksonville. Bruce, who turned down a $55,000 signing bonus as the A's fifth-round draft choice last June, found out about the record while reading a newspaper during a postgame whirlpool treatment.

Survived By **Rick Swenson**, a blizzard in northern Alaska, as he won a record fifth Iditarod sled dog race. Four-time champion Susan Butcher had a one-hour lead entering the final leg of the 1,163-mile race from Anchorage to Nome, but when a ferocious snowstorm hit just 77 miles from the finish, she and several other mushers chose to return to shelter. "It was a surprise to me that she turned back knowing that I didn't," said Swenson. "But maybe she's gotten a little soft with four victories under her belt."

Paid By Irish gambler and carpet-supply king **Noel Furlong**, $925,000, to the British customs department to settle a seven-year sales-tax debt and thereby become eligible to enter the United Kingdom. No sooner had Furlong arrived in England than he wagered a reported $220,000 on his wife's horse, Destriero, in the first race at the Cheltenham Festival. Destriero, who went off at 6–1, won the race and earned Furlong over $1.85 million. "Furlong is without a doubt the biggest gambler in Europe," said Mike Dillon of Bookmakers Ladbrokes Asserts. "He frightens the life out of bookmakers."

EDITED BY MICHAEL JAFFE

Faces in the Crowd

WILLIAM T. RYERSON

Rachael Green
ACTON, MASS.

Green, a junior at Harvard, was the top collegiate finisher in the women's lightweight division at the CRASH B Sprints indoor rowing competition. She completed the 2,500-meter "distance" on an ergometer in 9:16.

WILLIAM S. RICHARDS

David Monasterio
PONCE, PUERTO RICO

Monasterio, a sophomore at the University of North Carolina, won three individual events and swam on four victorious relay teams at the ACC men's championships. He shared the meet's MVP honors.

RICHARD ATAMIAN

Nicole Sims
PLAINFIELD, N.J.

Nicole, a sophomore at Plainfield High, set a national indoor girls' shot-put record with a throw of 51′ 9/″. She broke the old mark, established last year by Stevanie Wadsworth of Hurst, Texas, by 1′ 1¾″.

ARNOLD GOLD

Gardner Rowbotham
GUILFORD, CONN.

Rowbotham, 39, a freelance writer who received a heart transplant in 1989, won two tennis titles at the U.S. Transplant Games. With Joe Daly, a kidney transplant, he won doubles in the 18–30 and the 31–44 age groups.

RANDY HAMPTON

Brenda Straight
EMERSON, IOWA

Straight, a sophomore guard at Nebraska Wesleyan, set the Division III women's record for three-pointers in a season, with 100. She broke by 13 the 1989 mark of North Carolina Wesleyan's Shannon Stobel.

MICHAEL CONROY

Mark Benson
MOORESVILLE, IND.

Benson, 26, a computer-graphics artist, bowled three straight games of 267—for a series total of 801—the highest triplicate in state history. He broke the mark of 255 set by Jeff Bowman of Indianapolis in 1989.

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Lingering Cheers for a Magic Child

A schoolboy hoops legend like Travis Best won't soon be forgotten

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

TRAVIS BEST'S MOTHER SAYS HE SOMETIMES SLEPT WITH his basketball. That was when she knew he might be something special. He seemed to have that ball with him everywhere he went, sort of an inanimate pet dog, sort of an inarticulate best friend. Then again, sometimes Travis almost made that ball talk. He certainly made it move. He would come dribbling through the house as if he were being pursued by all of the Los Angeles Lakers.

"You'd better become an All-American," his mother says she would shout as he rolled past Magic Johnson and outwitted Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and bounced into the kitchen, "because if you're not going to be an All-American, I don't want to put up with all this."

I laugh. I write down the information.

His coach says there was no plan to have Travis score 81 points that night against Putnam Vocational. Everything somehow seemed to be working. Travis made his first eight three-pointers. He was in the "high 20's" after only five minutes of the 32-minute high school game had been played. There had always been the temptation to just "let him go." Just once. Just to see what the numbers would be at the end. This wasn't some pituitary case playing against helpless schoolchildren. Travis was a 5′ 11″ guard. Just let him go. Just once.

"He finished with 31 of 47 from the floor, 10 of 12 three-pointers," the coach says. "He was nine of 13 from the foul line. He also had nine assists, which easily could have been 15 if other kids had finished off the plays. I took him out with 51 seconds left, for the ovation. He was exhausted. He was running the offense, playing defense and scoring 81 points. His shirt was so wet at the end, it looked as if someone had poured a bucket of water over him."

I nod. I write down the information.

His mother says Travis is the youngest of five children. Her baby. She says she was seven months pregnant and had no particular name planned for him. One night she went to a movie that starred Sidney Poitier. He played a character named Travis who was involved in a scam. In the end Poitier escaped with millions. There was a good feel to that movie. There was a good sound to the name. Travis. Travis Best.

"That's my son," the mother says, "the boy who escaped with millions."

I smile. I write down the information.

His coach says Travis has brought attention to Springfield Central High and to basketball in Massachusetts that cannot be believed. A former coach at nearby Holyoke High asked if Travis was going to receive half the gate receipts for the Holyoke-Central game, because he really should. At Westfield High the officials had to open up the second set of wooden bleachers—something they rarely do—when Travis visited. In Springfield two weeks ago, Travis filled the Civic Center for the Massachusetts semifinals—7,457 people, doors closed, people sent home, first sellout there ever for a high school game. It has been a ride.

"I watched Georgia Tech defeat Louisville on national television," Travis's coach says. "The next day [Georgia Tech coach] Bobby Cremins is sitting in our gym, watching us practice. How'd he get here so fast? Travis is going to Tech. They didn't promise him he'd replace Kenny Anderson, but they did say Anderson was probably going to leave and would have to be replaced. Here's Travis, another lefthanded guard."

I write down the information.

The process is simple. I fill in the blanks of the story of this magic basketball child of this specific year and this specific time in this specific place. It is an old story that does not grow old. There are, for sure, other magic basketball children in other years and at other times and in other places. They knock your eyes out, these kids. They come through the local high school, and for a few seasons they stretch neon around the old, gray gymnasiums in the area. Their deeds become a grand fable that will be told and retold as the state championship trophies tarnish and the people grow older. Remember the year? Remember? Remember the kid? Travis?

There is an oral tradition here that has somehow withstood the great gaga rush of television and money and attention that washes over most of American sport. Travis is a rumor and a reality. He is a memory and a hope. He is greatness found next door. Who would have expected it? Greatness next door.

Travis says he wanted to stay on the court last Saturday night as long as possible. He left with 39 seconds remaining in a 70–51 win over the Eastern Massachusetts champ, Everett High, that earned Central the state Division I Boys' Championship and completed an unbeaten season. He had 22 points in the game. His mother was cheering. His father was cheering. The good folks of Springfield were cheering. His teammates lifted him into the air as if he were the trophy. Everyone cheered some more.

"I'm going to miss these guys," says Travis, a little choke in his voice. "I'm not going to see 'em so much. Because I'm going far away."

I write down the information. I wish the magic child good luck. ■

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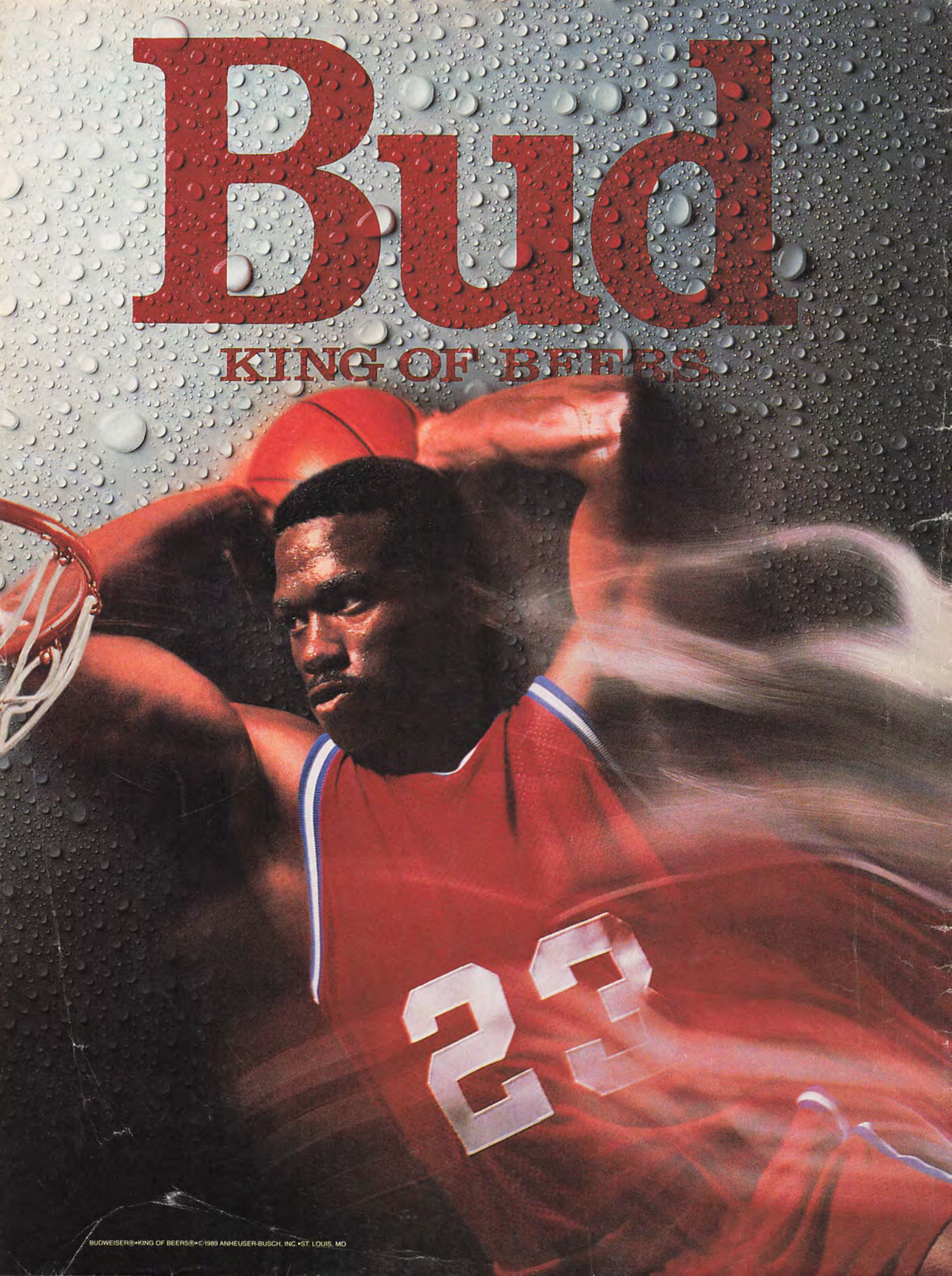
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